

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1897

SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE following "correspondence" has taken place between Mr. Walter Stephens and the Rev. Father Vaughan:

213 Piccadilly, W., August 31, 1908.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to your utterances, made from time to time, respecting the question of marriage . . . and I desire respectfully to call your attention to the following notice which is posted up in one of the leading Roman Catholic sanctuaries in London, and to ask whether such a notice is likely to induce young people to marry, within or outside the pale of the Catholic Church?

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By decree of his Holiness Pope Pius X.:

On and after Easter Sunday, 1908, all Catholics are bound to be married in the presence of the parish priest or his delegate. Should they go through the ceremony of marriage in the Registrar's office, or in a Protestant church, such ceremony will not only be unlawful, but null and void, and they will not be married in the sight of God.

Many Protestants, like myself, have read this notice, and as your remarks from time to time are directed to persons of every sect, I ask further if the last phrase used is not wholly incorrect, and, at the same time, irreligious and deplorable in these days of progress and spiritual enlightenment? No Church can surely arrogate to itself such a claim as the Catholic Church here makes, since God beholds His children at all times, whether they be married in a barn or in a Cathedral, and they are just as lawful, *i.e.*, the marriages entered into outside the Catholic Church, as those contracted within it. I think, Sir, before you begin to upbraid therefore people generally on the marriage state and its duties, you should first seek, I respectfully contend, to set your own Church in order on such a question, and also set an example yourself, where you complain of the growing sterility of marriages, of domesticating the Recording Angel.—I am, yours obediently,

WALTER STEPHENS.

To the Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan.

PS.—I shall, in the event of your replying to my letter, and with your permission, forward the correspondence to the Press.

[Letter-card.]

Derwent Hall, Sheffield, September 2, 1908.

My best thanks for your letter, which I have no time to answer, as I am very much engaged in literary work.

(Signed) BERNARD VAUGHAN.

It seems to us a thousand pities that as Father Vaughan

found time to answer Mr. Stephens at all he could not have answered him with some show of spirit. Surely what is good enough for Father Vaughan's Church should be good enough for Father Vaughan. And it seems to us that "By a decree of his Holiness Pope Pius X." will in the circumstances have to be good enough for Mr. Stephens. We are quite at a loss to understand Father Vaughan's attitude in the matter. But we can assure him that, if for some reason or other he is ashamed of his Holiness's decree, he has no reason to be ashamed. And, on the other hand, if Father Vaughan wrote his letter-card in the belief that he was acting in an astute and discreet way, we can assure him further that he was doing nothing of the kind. Discretion that is not tempered with a little valour comes very poorly from a Churchman, whether he be Roman or Anglican. Meanwhile, we have to express our thanks to Mr. Stephens for calling our attention to the matter.

The Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress is now in session, and we have no doubt that many persons will be moved to institute comparisons between the assembly at Westminster and the Pan-Anglican gathering of last summer. The Roman Catholics are exclusively occupied with that great Sacrament which, according to Coleridge, is not a part of Christianity, but Christianity itself; the Anglicans, adapting themselves to the "spirit of the age," were Socialistic, humanitarian, socially scientific, political, ethical, severely "moral;" they were all things to all men, especially to such as were not of the household of faith—which is the definition of "broadmindedness." One feels quite sure that the Pan-Anglicans would have been most courteous to the Pope himself—if he would only have come down from his obsolete ecclesiastical pedestal, disclaimed his supposed succession from the Apostles, and have consented to discuss "The Booting of the Poor" as a man and a brother. One does not remember quite clearly whether this most important question was formally set down amongst the agenda of the Conference; if it were by mischance omitted, this was a grave error, for if people have bad boots they catch cold, and those who catch cold often are liable to consumption, and consumptive patients are likely to die, and, if a man is dead, he cannot be a member of the Anglican Church, whence it follows that it is amongst the chiefest duties of our Fathers in God to see that little Bobby has good boots, and, that this purpose may be effected, to appoint several influential Committees to inquire into the health of oxen in Argentina, since a delicate, ailing ox never can have a strong hide.

In the following manner were the Divine Mysteries celebrated at Norwich Cathedral on Sunday last:

About two hundred unemployed marched to Norwich Cathedral and attended the morning service, repeatedly punctuating Dean Lefroy's sermon with "Hear, hear." Dean Lefroy said he believed that there was enough work in England for its people if national work was duly administered and properly organised. It was the duty of the State to see that every man had work.

The Dean's quotation of Mr. Frederic Harrison's opinion that Socialism would be the ruin of the Empire was received with a cry of "Bosh!" "You may say so," said the Dean, but Mr. Harrison knows more about it than we do." Is there, he asked later, any work done out of the country which ought to be done in it?

Those of us who are old enough can remember how in the 'seventies of last century the cry of the "law of the land" rose like a fountain day by day against the unhappy "Ritualists." Every priest who preferred to serve God and the Church rather than the ex-President of the Divorce Court backed up by a large majority in both Houses was held up to public odium as a "law-breaker." Indeed, these persons were found guilty of disobeying the rulings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which had discovered that for some time there was no consecration formula in the English liturgy, and was generally about seventy years out in its dates. But these are old tales; so it is shocking to

see that in these modern enlightened days there is a "Protestant, law-abiding" Dean guilty of aiding and abetting the most flagrant lawlessness. "Brawling" is an undoubted offence against the law; the "unemployed" most certainly brawled in Norwich Cathedral on Sunday last, and Dean Lefroy evidently encouraged them to commit this offence to the utmost of his power. So far for the strictly legal point. As for other considerations—for decency, good manners, reverence for the awful mysteries of the Faith, for the place of their celebration, for the holy altar, for the presence of the angels: of these things one must not speak. But it is clear that men are getting duller with the advance of the centuries. The Feast of the Goddess of Reason at Notre Dame must have been at least picturesque—from a certain point of view. There is one thing more. Suppose a Justice of the High Court were interrupted in his charge to the jury by a mob of offensive ruffians, and, in place of instantly asserting the majesty of the law, were to bandy words with the ruffians aforesaid: which would be worthy of the greater condemnation, the Judge or his interrupters?

It was, of course, only to be expected that the United Protestant Societies would not fail to seize the opportunity afforded by the Eucharistic Congress to make a little demonstration. They have not disappointed their backers, and their outraged feelings found vent in a petition which they have addressed to the King. Determined to do the thing in style and "blow the expense," they actually telegraphed their message to His Majesty at Rufford Abbey, and a rapid calculation enables us to estimate that this must have let them in for about one pound nine shillings and ninepence halfpenny. Fortunately, however, it does not appear likely that the amiable efforts of our distinguished "liberal" contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, to stir up a "No-papery" riot will prove successful. The procession bearing the Holy Sacrament will be accorded the same protection by the police as is provided in the case of our sweet sisters the Suffragettes. Meanwhile we wonder what has become of Lady Wimborne. Dare we hope that her superfluous energies are now sufficiently absorbed by the Woman's Anti-Suffrage Association to preclude the possibility of further Protestant activities? We sincerely hope so at any rate, and in that belief we beg to tender to her ladyship our hearty congratulations. And while we are on the subject of the Woman's Anti-Suffrage Association might we humbly suggest that a little more promptitude in answering letters containing offers to join the Association and subscribe to its funds would be appreciated? We know of at least two cases in which persons desiring to join the Association and willing to subscribe to its funds have been unable to obtain replies to their letters. This is surely very unbusiness-like.

A Mr. Froom has been contributing to the *Westminster Gazette* some personal reminiscences of Tolstoy. The reminiscences amount to this, that Tolstoy took Mr. Froom out in a sledge, upset him in the snow, and caused him to enter the cottages of seventy different peasants, whose "picturesqueness was terribly discounted by their smell and their terribly close atmosphere." "When we got to the head man's cottage," says Mr. Froom, "we halted for lunch, and the Countess Marie produced a basket from her sledge and took out a bottle of milk and a loaf of white bread, a piece of cheese, and three eggs." The unfortunate journalist ate the bread and cheese and drank some milk, while his host consumed the eggs. This is precisely what we should have expected of him, and we cannot but recommend that frantic gourmet, Mr. Frank Harris—who in the pages of *Vanity Fair* from time to time indulges in a frenzied pæan about the great "philosopher and saint"—to try the effect of a personal visit to his hospitable home. Personally we should decline to believe in the real philanthropy of a man to whom hospitality was a sealed book, and who would regale his guests on bread and cheese after a

drive of many hours in the snow with the thermometer at 10 degrees below zero. A man who is capable of such barbarity is either a maniacal egoist or a savage, and Tolstoy, in our opinion, partakes to a great degree in the qualities that distinguish both these characters. Tolstoy is apparently an artist *malgré lui*, do as he will, and for all his crazy and babyish ideas he is unable to prevent himself from fine writing, though it is doubtful whether he knows when he is writing fine prose or merely babbling crude and ill-digested clap-trap. The Tolstoy "legend" is rapidly becoming quite intolerable, and it is high time that some of his ill-balanced admirers began to realise that a man may be a fine writer and yet not be in a position to teach the whole world its business. The world is very grateful to Count Tolstoy for certain great works of fictional art, but it could get on very well without his advice on government, Christianity, and the punishment of crime. Still more easily can it afford to dispense with the Tolstoyan hints on diet which are embodied in such dismal "personal reminiscences" as those which Mr. Froom imparts to our esteemed contemporary.

Mr. Collingridge has sent us the names of the trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum at Olney. We should like to print them in letters of gold, but common type must suffice. Here they are:—Mr. Archibald Allen, Mr. John Collingridge, Dr. William Collingridge, Mr. J. C. Hipwell, the Rev. M. H. Roberts, the Rev. J. Samuel, and Mr. Thomas Wright—all of Olney. They have our blessing. They want £2,000 for the purpose of forming a small endowment for the Cowper and Newton Museum. The worst wish we wish them is that they will speedily get the money. And out of our respect for the memory of Cowper, not to mention that of the Rev. John Newton, and in the pure interests of letters, we shall ourselves have pleasure in contributing five guineas towards the fund, provided that Mr. Collingridge will send us Mr. Thomas Wright's solemn promise that he will cease to describe himself in print as "Thomas Wright of Olney," that he will no longer call his school Cowper's School, and that he will refrain from publishing any further biographies. These conditions may seem a little hard on Mr. Wright, but we think they are good for letters, which, after all, is the great thing. We may note with thankfulness that Mr. Clement Shorter of his part has succeeded in writing a paragraph about Cowper without mentioning Mr. Thomas Wright. Mr. Shorter is a good soul and his devotion to letters is almost pathetic. But it has always seemed to us that he is afflicted with too pronounced a disposition to what he himself would term "genial" paragraph distribution. He has probably applauded more mediocrities than any journalist in London.

From the offices of Mr. Heinemann we are receiving repeated requests to apply for a "free electro" portrait of a Mr. John D. Rockefeller, "the great oil magnate." We are told that this picture is "somewhat interesting," as showing one of the world's greatest workers "in a moment of recreation." We feel it to be our duty to say "No, thank you, Mr. Heinemann." But while we must gracefully decline the proffered free electro we cannot resist the appended free "item":

As to Mr. Rockefeller's capacity for work, the following anecdote, told by his office-boy of forty years ago, is illuminating: "Was Mr. Rockefeller a hard worker when a young businessman in Cleveland?" he was asked.

The staggering look of astonishment that faced the "fool" question was its most effective answer, but here are the words that accompanied the look: "Work! Good Lord, man, he did nothing but work. Did he work, indeed!"

In its way this is stupendous. Mr. Heinemann's office assures us also that it would be pleased to supply us "with any further particulars as to any points of interest regarding Mr. Rockefeller that may transpire," and that it hopes for our "co-operation in this matter." Unfortunately, we are not curious about Mr. Rockefeller, and we are not in the least

inclined to co-operate in Mr. Heinemann's noble movement for holding him up to public admiration. But if, in the goodness of his heart, Mr. Heinemann will favour us with a free photograph of Mr. Sidney Pawling, in a moment of recreation—that is to say, disguised as an author and making a swipe in a cricket-match—we might conceivably oblige.

Twenty-three thousand three hundred and seventy-five wise persons have received the following letter :

2 Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sir (or Madam)—Herewith I beg to hand you P.O. value 11d., being your share of the prize money awarded in our recent Elephant Puzzle. As you will see by referring to *Answers* dated September 5th, not a single competitor forwarded a solution which was identical with the card lodged at Coutts's Bank until the close of the competition.

We should, in fact, be well within our rights in declining to award the prize ; but, in the circumstances, we have come to the conclusion that the fairest thing to do is to divide the prize among all who succeeded in forming a perfect elephant, whether black or white.

There were 23,375 competitors who succeeded in doing this ; we have added £71 to the £1,000 to facilitate division, and your share of the prize is consequently 11d.—the amount of the postal order herewith.

Congratulations upon your success, and trusting you may win many more *Answers* competitions.—Yours very truly,

THE EDITOR.

We trust that this will be a warning to the 23,375 wise persons aforesaid, and that they will not try to make any more perfect elephants, black or white. And we trust further that Lord Northcliffe's enterprising and generous-hearted editor will now put up £1,000 in the interests of further zoological effort. Why should not the perfect ass (black or white) have his turn with Messrs. Coutts? He is a simple animal and easily made.

We are threatened with a new genius, and his name is Wilfred Whitten. It seems that a gentleman who considers the *Daily Mail Year Book* an "excellent book" has received an important letter from a lady with whose name he is "familiar as a journalist," but who desires him to disclose only her initials. This lady's initials are E. W., and it appears that she is a book-buyer. During the past two years she has bought various volumes, ranging from "Marius the Epicurean" to Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and, not content with this, she has noted in her diary some "books that must be bought this autumn." Among these we find Mrs. Binyon's "Anthology of English Prose," the "Oxford Book of English Verse," "Shakespeare" by Walter Raleigh, and [mark you] "anything of Alfred Whitten's that I can lay hands on." And the lady's critical friend goes on to explain that he derives great joy from her letter, inasmuch as he also is "a profound student of Wilfred Whitten's writings." We suppose that "Wilfred Whitten, an Appreciation," will, in the face of these recommendations, immediately be put in hand by the Hon. Lancelot Julian Bathurst, the well-known publisher of the *Lives of Truly Great Men*. And as for anything of Mr. Whitten's one can lay one's hands on, there is always *T.P.'s Weekly* and the *Globe*, and a free booklet which is issued to an enlightened public by a firm who have a dictionary or an encyclopædia, or something of the sort to sell. We never like to be behindhand in the welcoming of true genius, and to the man who has moulded the destinies of that great snippet organ which is believed to be edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the man who discovered that refulgent ornament of the highest literary circles, Mr. Arnold Bennett (whose name figures so gloriously on the circulars of the Literary Correspondence College), and to the man in whom the Harmsworths place their confidence when "literary gossip" is toward, we offer our felicitations. Mr. Chesterton must look to his pennyworth of laurel, for Mr. Wilfred Whitten is coming on. "Now is the time for Bird's custard with stewed raspberries"—at least so we are informed by the current issue of *Wilfred's Weekly*.

REWARDS

From the beginning, when was aught but stones
For English Prophets? Starved not Chatterton?
Was Keats bay-crowned, was Shelley smiled upon?
Marlowe died timely. Well for him, his groans
On stake or rack else had out-moaned the moans
Of his own Edward; and that light that shone,
That voice, that trumpet, that white-throated swan,
When found he praise, save for "his honoured bones"?

Honour enough for bones! but for live flesh
Cold-eyed mistrust, and ever watchful fear,
Mingled with homage given grudgingly
From cautious mouths. And all the while a mesh
To snare the singing-bird, to trap the deer,
And bind the feet of Immortality.

A. D.

SUR UN MARBRE BRISÉ

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA

The pious moss has sealed up those dim eyes,
For in this wild wood ne'er will they be set
On her, that once with milk and wine-drops wet
The sod whereof thou guard'st the boundaries.
To-day viburnum, hop, and ivy-ties
Rioting on the fallen form divine,
Unknowing Sylvan, Pan, or Faunus, twine
Thy ruined front with serpent greeneries.

Look, the slant sun irradiates even now
In thy blunt face two orbs of gold; and how,
Like a red lip, the vine has smiled and strayed!
And—miracle—the murmuring winds, the strife
Of leaves, the floating sun, the errant shade
Have mocked this mute similitude with life!

M. JOURDAIN.

REVIEWS

NAPOLEON—THE FIRST PHASE

A Pawn in the Game. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.
(Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

As long as novelists write and historians lucubrate, the struggle of that fine, panic-stricken French nation towards the light which it must have dimly, distantly seen will appeal irresistibly to them. Decade after decade slips away. Still from the crowd steps one here and there for whom the figure of the great and gloomy Corsican seems to murmur fresh words across the intervening years—words that must somehow be interpreted for mankind in drama or story or stately treatise. Still, the mere narration of the deeds those optimistic gentlemen of the First Commune considered both lawful and expedient has power to wake fierce and flashing pictures in our brain; and still the vision that outstays the rest is that of the man who would have challenged England, mistress of the seas, and ravished her from her lover's protecting arms. "Napoleon—the First Phase" might suitably have been the title of this book, for it treats of his early years, beginning with his school life at Brienne, and although the publishers mention

that it deals with the expedition to Egypt, Egypt is not reached until after two hundred pages have lapsed from a total of 344.

We do not wish to imply by our preliminary sentence that Dr. Fitchett is either a novelist or a historian. Truth to tell, we hardly know how to "place" him. He mingles the history and the story judiciously, and there is something very pleasant in reading the plain, sensible, straightforward narrative of the first two-thirds of the volume. It contrasts happily with the present fashionable scramble for epigrams and smart sayings. But somehow several frowns and a good many unsatisfactory moments come with the reading. Dr. Fitchett, quasi-novelist, quasi-historian, cannot oust Dr. Fitchett, the doughty Nonconformist theologian. The latter pops up time after time, reminding us vividly of our youthful days with R. M. Ballantyne, when engine-drivers or miners or Alpine adventurers suddenly began to make disconcertingly moral remarks—well we remember their flavour. Would a French girl behave like this when the tidings of her lover's safety arrived?

"You have news," she whispered. . . . "Yes, thank God!" he cried, and then he stammered out the great news. Jack was safe and well, and on his way home. He would have gone on with details and speculations, but Denise in a passion of gratitude had fallen on her knees, her face bowed on her hands. She was praying, and Robert Lawrence stole on tiptoe from the room. Its atmosphere was too sacred for him to linger in it.

Denise was still kneeling in a passion of silent and adoring thankfulness when the door opened, and with hurrying feet and face covered with happy tears Mrs. Lawrence broke into the room. She stopped as she saw the kneeling figure and the bowed head, then she softly knelt down too. Without a word, Denise put out her hand to her aunt, and with clasped hands the two women gave God thanks.

The description of the wreck of the *Sylph*, in which ship the hero, Jack Lawrence, is voyaging to Egypt, contains the same sort of thing:

"Can nothing be done?" he asked, in a momentary quiet of the rushing waters.

"Nothing, except to hold on. The *Sylph* is an old tub, but she has something of the solidity of a tub, and may hold together till the sea goes down. God is merciful," he added cheerfully, "and that is our hope."

"Yes, Grant, this is the time to remember the mercy of God. But we oughtn't to wait till a time like this to remember it."

"And do you think," asked Grant, in wondering tones, "that a good seaman ever forgets the mercy of God? Living on God's sea, how can a man forget its Maker?" And Jack felt rebuked by the note of astonishment in his voice.

The writer of this review has had considerable experience of modern battleships and their crews, and presumes that the average sailor of 110 years ago was about as bluff and audacious an amphibian as the more learned A.B. of the present day; indeed, judging from what we read, he was an adept at strange oaths. In any case a few hearty and tarry swears would have been more natural under the circumstances, we fancy. Not that there can be any possible objection to a sailor who professes to be a Christian, but we hardly think he delivers little priggish lectures about his faith when the masts have snapped overboard and the ship is half under water; the passage quoted is out of relation with its context. "He who'd make his fellow-fellow-creatures wise should always gild the philosophic pill," sings Jack Point, and the ungilded theologic pill is distasteful in a work purporting to be a "true historical novel."

There are two ways of regarding such a book as this—one from the historical standpoint, the other from the literary side, and the latter in this case seems to us the more necessary. More care might have been taken to avoid repetition. To give an instance or two: On p. 1 we have the phrase "all the frosty hairs of Methuselah;" on p. 18, "the elder monk continued for a moment to look with frosty eyes at the two lads;" on p. 29, "the Corsican lad's eyes were as frosty as the Alps with all their snows;" on p. 35 we have "that dark face with its frosty eyes," and on p. 37, "he pictured the frosty eyes" once more.

Fortunately the optical temperature improves as we go on. To use the word "impish" twice in one sentence when describing the Arabs is irritating, and a sentence such as this, "The pair rode off from the camp as soon as night fell, and pushed on all night," is very elementary composition. There are passable split verbs, but "to fatally arrest" is not a nice one.

With regard to the plot, it is distinctly good and well worked out. The "pawn" in the game is Jack Lawrence (Gallicised on occasion into Jean Laurente), an English boy, who is left fatherless, is sent to the Brienne Military School, and there makes the acquaintance of Napoleon and his curious, scornful temper. Lawrence's vicissitudes in Paris—he is expelled from the school through a lie of the future general—lead to his employment by the English Foreign Office on special service abroad. He encounters Napoleon several times in Paris, later on at the attack on Acre, and, on the voyage to England, his ship is captured by a French lugger. He is sent from Honfleur to Paris, and comes face to face with the First Consul for the last time; but the capture is a rather obvious manoeuvre to bring about this final interview, which does not aid the story and has no particular object. With it all the thread of love between Lawrence and Denise is prettily intermingled. The author can choose his language finely on occasion, especially when he is describing a night scene:

It was late in the day when the diligence started. The black, level shadows cast by the setting sun ran before the plodding horses, the wind scuffled drearily in the treetops, and the horizon before them, darkening into night, was made blacker by the gathering storm. The shivering, friendless lad perched high beside the driver felt in some dim, vague way that his boyish life was as cheerless as the landscape about him and the black skies before him.

The first portion of the book, as we have already hinted, is the stronger, and some of the scenes of the Revolution, with the imprisoned Queen and the Dauphin (whose mystery Mr. Fitchett makes no attempt to solve) are very fine.

As a last little complaint, we wish the distinguished author would not make his hero bite his nails. It only happens once, but it weakens any decent reader's sympathy.

NOT YET

The Bohemian Yinks. By PORTER GARNETT. (Bohemian Club, San Francisco, \$1 50c.)

SOME day California will give us good wine, and other forms of art. She is moving, fumblingly and slowly, and with much clog of self-conceit along that path. This badly-bound, rather solemn and callow book, which has no æsthetic interest of any sort about it, is full of interest to the literary embryologist. It shows the pathos of the muses, striving with the unlikely children of men and the universal instinct for creative work, struggling even with the scrip-mongers and soap-boilers of 'Frisco. Since art has come out of our own Birmingham—and who can doubt it?—there seems to be hope of meat from the eater, even in the ugly eruption of Chicago, and in any of the dyspeptic centres of squalid pride of America. It is with no malicious glee that we have to tell Mr. Garnett that his city has not already attained. It is not because of his style, which is vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes. It is not because that the ignorance, even of their own slang, which he shows, broods over his parochial friends. It is because, when some inspiration has been given to his place and generation, his friends have messed the divine gift about with dirty fingers, slobbered over it, crowed about it, and in a word spoilt it, before it came to sweet shape and spiritual use:

These grove-plays are known to many who are unaware of their higher importance, while to many who would sense their significance they are unknown.

There is a world of art failure in a sentence like this. The story is soon told. Thirty-six years ago the provincial

leaders of thought of San Francisco formed a club composed of what Dickens and themselves would call "littery coves." They called their meetings a jinks, not knowing that this word is short for junketings in the plural. They formed a summer camp, had sing-songs, and acquired a glade, where they acted *As You Like It*, and had pastoral devices. They escaped from their women-folk with some natural joy, and found health, rest, and mutual admiration in a piece of redwood scrub: and black care, who finds no more difficulty in sitting behind the chauffeur than he did behind the horseman, seemed to be banished for a week-end, or it might be a fortnight, thus spent under shade and striped calico. This simple notion was dramatised for them six years ago by a gentleman named Field, who in Long-felonious metre gave them a masque of Indians, with such applause that grove-plays became the fashion. The beautiful woodland, the night, the whisky, the soft lights, and the sense that Madam 'Frisca was seventy miles away stirred the Bohemians to the depth. Other grove-plays followed. All detected care under varicous cloaks; all slew and burned him. Acetylene lights, red fire, rockets, fiddles, clam-pies, corn-cakes, and more whisky filled up the cup of happiness. The local composers rose to the occasion, and Mr. Porter Garnett now proclaims that a new form of dramatic art has been found, "a mysterious, inspiring, and unforgettable dream." Not yet. The stage is lovely, the root notion is sufficient. The actors and musicians are, we take it, up to the mark. The brethren of the scrambled life do learn something of the fact that "Love thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers," as one Orsino remarked. It is good to dispense with curtains and sham scenery when you have the real. It is to be within the outer Courts of Art to see human life as a battle against care and to reproduce it thus. The amateur spirit is to be commended. But when all ends in romp, squibs, crackers, the cremation of care with horse-play, we shall require the full score, the full libretto and the test of transplantation before we can believe that the embryo thrives. The specimens given to us are not happy. Their art feeling does not always extend to the *ars grammatica*. It is violent rather than strong in simile:

A hundred times and more hath yonder sun
Soared from the sombre midnight to the morn,
And blotted from the jewelled page of night,
The starry charactry, wherein are writ
The secrets fate doth in the future hide.

The sun soaring with a blotting-pad in his hand is not dignified nor exact. How the last line hisses. If the choice specimens are heavy with bathos, what must the sack be? Yet the Bohemians of 'Frisco are alive. They have some inceptions, and of course, being Yankees, think that, having started a hare, they can write fine accounts of one another as Nimrods. Care is more universal, and more universally fought with, than they know. The baby's rattle is a weapon in this war; so are organs, fleets, rhubarb pills, horses, political economy, and the Athanasian Creed. Care takes a great deal of work to kill him (or her rather). More work, less whisky, and no cock-a-doodle—that is what we humbly suggest to Mr. Porter Garnett and his peers. Then we shall feel hope.

LIGHT FROM EGYPTIAN PAPYRI

Light from Egyptian Papyri. By C. H. H. WRIGHT.
(Williams and Norgate, 3s. net.)

THE REV. CHARLES WRIGHT, D.D., is a very learned man and occupies a leading position among Orientalists. He has been Donnellan Lecturer in Dublin and Bampton and Grinfield Lecturer in Oxford. He is a Ph.D. of Leipzig and a Knight of the Order of the North Star of Sweden. It is a pity to find the holder of such signal guaranties of literary capacity so indifferent to the beggarly elements of style as to write in his Introduction (p. x.) such a sentence as: In America the original MS. was similarly had resort to.

The general purport of the little book (123 pp.) is briefly set forth in the Introduction:

Professor Marcus Dods, in his signed review in the *British Weekly*, January 18th, 1906, maintains with other critics that Daniel's "predictions of events subsequent to the Exile are so minutely exact as to betray an acquaintance with the history of the third and second century B.C." That statement we categorically deny. It has been sufficiently refuted, not only in our detailed commentary on Daniel xi., xii., but also for popular purposes in chap. iv. of this little work. When the learned Scotch Professor asserts that on our hypothesis (for such practical purposes as Professor Kautzsch has suggested) "there would be two books of Daniel—the one containing the previous chapters of the book and the original version of the prophecy, the other containing these same chapters," he seems to forget how unlikely it was that men who had to hide themselves in the holes of the rocks, and often to tarry long periods in the barren wilderness, could have carried about with them entire copies of such a work; while, on our hypothesis, it would have been easy to take with them, and to read over in their camps, such a small portion of Daniel as ch. x., xi., xii., which would have been an encouragement to them in those days of peril. This is, no doubt, hypothesis, and not history; but, as elsewhere pointed out, we have no account extant of the details of much which took place in those trying days. Our hypothesis is as good as that accepted by Professor Kautzsch, and tends to afford a good reason why there should be then in existence a popular Targum of that portion of Daniel in which the Jews were most interested. The hypothesis also confirms the otherwise strange fact that the terrible attempt to overthrow the Jewish religion was not sketched in any "minutely exact" outline, but in such a general way that the Jews could easily "read into" the prophetic description the cruel sufferings they had to undergo in those dark and troublous times.

But the question of the status of Daniel as a prophet is complicated by the fact that our Lord undoubtedly accepted the Divine inspiration of the book of Daniel. This brings in the doctrine of the Kenosis (Phil. ii. 7), and opens up highly debatable questions, which seem to call for a definite theory of inspiration on the part of the author. And this we seek in vain. Of the earlier Aramaic papyri he writes:

The great importance of these papyri, together with those more recently discovered, to be mentioned in our next chapter, consists in the light which they have cast upon various historical incidents connected with the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel, and upon the single verse of Jeremiah (chap. x. 11) in which Aramaic is employed.

The three additional Aramaic papyri newly discovered are very interesting, and a translation of them (somewhat abridged, but containing everything of interest), with Notes, is given (pp. 20-34). This leads to some remarks on the Temple of Sacrifice, but the most important part of the book is chap. iv., on the events which occurred in the early Maccabean period, and which are not mentioned in the book of Daniel. Among these omissions (he enumerates fourteen) the most remarkable are the absence of all allusion to the death of Antiochus Epiphanes and to the profanations of the Temple. These are, in the opinion of Dr. Wright, disproofs of the theory of the pagan commentator Porphyry that the prophecies of Daniel were written after the events described in the age of the Maccabean revolt against the tyranny of Antiochus Epiphanes, to fan the flame of Jewish patriotism through the belief that the prophet in Babylonian ages before had predicted the effort and the discomfiture of the heathen. In developing this point of view Dr. Wright observes:

It is marvellous that the early Fathers who sought to grapple with the sophisms of Porphyry did not notice these matters. In fact, the whole prophecy of ch. xi., from the 31st verse to the end of ch. xii., is characterised by that vagueness and indefiniteness as to particular facts and their exact order of occurrence, which is one of the most noteworthy points which distinguish real and inspired prophecy.

Chapter vii. contains interesting information on apocryphal documents, especially "The Roll of Antiochus," "The Book of Enoch," and "The Psalms of Solomon." Chapter viii., and last, contains a counter-critique of the critics of Dr. Wright's previous works, especially Professor Ed. König, and deals with the interesting and important question as to the limitations of the knowledge of Christ, and how far He was exempt from erroneous views current in His time.

TWO BOOKS ON THE CIVIL WAR

A History of the Life of Colonel Nathaniel Whetham. By CATHERINE DURNING WHETHAM and WILLIAM CECIL DAMPIER WHETHAM, M.A., F.R.S. (Longmans, Green, and Co., 8s. 6d. net.)

The King's General in the West. By the REV. ROGER GRANVILLE, M.A. (John Lane.)

THESE are two books written of the same period—the wars of the Revolution. They are written of opposite sides, but not from a very different point of view. One is the complement of the other, and they are both eminently readable. Colonel Whetham served Parliament in the Midlands first, then at Portsmouth, then in Scotland, and at Portsmouth again. He was of Dorset, and so was nearly a West Countryman. Sir Richard Granville (during the Revolution) served the King exclusively in the West Country, where his family was so eminent. The strategy of either side, the sequence of events, is better followed by reading these two biographies one after the other, and, for choice, in the sequence in which they were published and in which we now review them. Comparison continues in the method of telling the story of each life. "The King's General in the West" is firstly a biography of Sir Richard, and includes a great deal of Granville history. The joint authors of "Colonel Nathaniel Whetham" do not give their ancestor an engrossing prominence, but deal with the political, social, and economic condition of the country during that tragic period. But contrast is really found when the characters of the two men are revealed to us.

After twenty-five pages of the family history and the early life of Colonel Whetham we are given in chapter ii. a very graphic account of the state of public feeling, out of which discontent burst into rebellion—into war—of which the authors truly write, "England can never be as she would have been had the war remained unfought."

Differences within the Church were pressing, and the feeling between High Church and Presbyterian was tense and bitter. But the cause for which swords were drawn was as between Church and Nonconformity—all other differences might have been waived.

When the die was cast Parliament formed committees of local gentry in each county, and Cromwell rose to the occasion in the Eastern Committees. We have once more such County Associations. Let us hope that, should occasion arise, some of them may be inspired by another such a genius for administration in war. The Navy declared for Parliament, which was the essence of Parliamentary success; for the authors of both the biographies under review show us that the tight hold maintained on Hull in the East and Plymouth in the West, ensuring supplies to the Parliamentary troops, was what beat the King. And London's devotion to Parliament was a great factor in the struggle. The wealth of London was cast on that side. The City raised men too, and Nathaniel Whetham became a Major of Dragoons and a Captain of one of their companies. After the battle of Edgehill the King occupied Oxford, which became his headquarters, and

The strategic character of the war was fixed. The Thames Valley became the shortest road between the rival headquarters, Oxford and London.

The Parliament troops occupied Windsor, Newport Pagnell, and Northampton, flanking an advance from Oxford to London and intervening between Oxford and the North and West, whence the King drew his strength, while it kept open the road between London and the Eastern Counties, the two strongholds of Parliament. We find Whetham soon at Aylesbury; then he was sent to Northampton as Governor, where he did good service, mostly administrative. But he repulsed successfully an attack by Prince Rupert and rescued with much enterprise some prisoners, taken from him at Canons Ashby, from

under the very walls of Banbury Castle, in the siege of which he took a leading share later. In 1649 he was transferred to Plymouth as Governor, and there he seems to have shown himself a capable administrator under great trials. The King had been killed and in England the war was over. But the Navy was no longer solid for Parliament. In 1648 eleven ships out of the forty-one in commission had declared for the King, and under Prince Rupert were preying on the commerce of the Parliament. As Northampton had been an advanced base against Oxford, so now had Portsmouth become the base against Rupert and the Dutch, and gave Colonel Whetham very ample and varied occupation. He was appointed Colonel, too, in the Hampshire Regiment of a reorganised Militia and was a Justice of the Peace. Here he was brought into close contact with General Monck, and to this he probably owed it that he was appointed, under Monck, a member of the Council to govern Scotland. But there was another reason. He had been elected Member for Portsmouth in the first elected Parliament of the Protectorate, which met on September 3rd, 1654:

He was ready to accept any particular form of constitution which gave promise of good government. But it is clear that he disapproved of the action of the revolutionary tribunal who had sat in judgment and condemned the King, and now at the proposal to make the Protectorate hereditary he expressed with warmth his abhorrence of Cromwell's conduct. "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?" he exclaimed in the words of the prophet Ahab.

To apply such words to Cromwell at the height of his power shows that Whetham had indeed the courage of his convictions and disclose a dramatic side of his character. Such an outspoken man might be out of place as Governor of the chief naval port, so he joined Monck's Council in Scotland.

The chapter devoted to Parliament and Scotland is full of interest, and Monck showed first-rate administrative abilities. We are reminded on p. 161:

That in dealing with the Glencairn rebellion Monck carried out the first great mountain campaign of the English Army.

The history is told of the Rump Parliament and its coercion by the Committee of Safety, and how the best officers of the Army revolted against the rule of the sword, and, under Monck, upheld Parliament, and that General's operations against Fairfax on the Scottish border are described with a master pen. Colonel Whetham was back at Portsmouth, which he held for Parliament against the Committee of Safety, and then for the King. The return of Charles II. as King is graphically painted on p. 219; 30,000 soldiers in red received him at Blackheath without applause. "Till this red terror was disbanded Charles could not call his crown his own." Colonel Whetham resigned his commission.

He had bought the manor of Chard, in Dorset, from the Commissioners for sale of Bishops' lands, and there he retired. At the Restoration Chard Manor reverted to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. And though he passed the remainder of his days at Chard and died there, it was not at the Manor House. But his career under Parliament had improved his condition. From landowners in Dorset in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Whethams had fallen to be yeomen and tenant farmers. Nathaniel's eldest son married a daughter of Adrian Scrope of Wormesley, a long list of his descendants served their country, mostly in the Army, some in prominent places with distinction, and the family became once more of consideration. This publication discloses in one of the authors much military knowledge and appreciation. We will attribute it to the Fellow of Trinity. The country has appealed to the Universities to provide a preliminary training for young officers to serve in the Special Reserve and Territorial forces. It is well that Cambridge can count on a Tutor at Trinity so well equipped for the task.

We say farewell to Colonel Whetham at Chard. We must cross Somerset and Devon to find the home of the King's General in the West, and Mr. Granville shows us first the beauty of its surroundings. On the Cornish coast.

from Hartland to Tintagel Point, we see "long rollers of the Atlantic marching in with stupendous weight and force," and sunset down those tranquil combes which open on the coast. They pursue an absolutely straight course from east to west—from the moorlands to the sea—and so admit the sunset at their western end :

And the red ball just sinking between their soft, seaward portals of sloping turf, and lighting up the line of golden sand which forms its bar, and the intense blue of the strip of ocean beyond is a sight not easily to be forgotten.

And in one of these combes, in the parish of Kilhampton, is where Stowe stood—the original home of the Granvilles (or Grenvilles), who claimed descent from Rollo the Sea-King. And it is claimed for them that they did not belie their fierce and adventurous ancestor :

They were fighters to the core . . . and no family ever acquired so strong a hold on popular affections in Cornwall as did this most gallant race.

Of such a stock was Sir Richard Granville, born at Stowe in the year 1600. He was the third son of Sir Bernard Granville, a pillar of the State in the West Country, whose eldest son, Sir Bevil—called the Bayard of England, and the most generally loved man in Cornwall—was the soul of the Royalist there.

Mr. Granville introduces Sir Richard to us as "of a very different character and temperament from that of his chivalrous brother Bevil," and certainly the following pages make us known to a very remarkable man.

Richard Granville entered the Army as a boy. Leaving England in 1618 he served first in France and then in Holland, and continued his apprenticeship in war through many expeditions, most of them unsuccessful. He was knighted in 1627. In these earlier times he had as his *protégé* his young cousin George Monck, who afterwards became so great, and who always regarded Sir Richard as his father-in-arms.

In 1628-29 he was elected to represent Fowey, and then his real life begins.

In 1628 he made his first great mistake, when he married Lady Howard, the widow of Sir Charles Howard, son of the Earl of Suffolk, and soon the most unpleasant side of his nature shows itself. He seems to have treated his wife with much brutality during their short married life, and to have shown an entire want of chivalry and but little sense of fair dealing after they were separated. Lady Granville was probably a little hard to live with. She had had a very eventful girlhood. Born in 1596, she was four years older than Sir Richard. She was the only daughter of Sir John Fitz, of Fitzford, who killed himself after taking in succession the lives of three others. "He was born under an unlucky star" (which shows not too brightly for the three others!). Beautiful and an heiress, Mary Fitz was married at fourteen. Her husband died before enjoying the sweets of married life. Soon after (when only fifteen) she ran away with and married a boy of her own age—Lord Goring's son. He survived only three months, and when she became Lady Howard at sixteen she was married for the third time. Sir Richard Granville was her fourth husband. Family portraits are of value in reviewing family history. A portrait of Lady Howard is opposite p. 30 (the original was by Vandyke). We see a handsome woman, but mark the stiff upper-lip. Look again at the portrait of Sir Richard Granville opposite p. 154. It is a much pleasanter face, and betrays a strain of humour.

This unhappy union was brought to an end in 1632. Through the intervention of the Earl of Suffolk a judicial separation was procured, under which Sir Richard secured half the income of Fitzford. The union was unhappy because it fostered Sir Granville's worst qualities, cruel autocracy and graspingness, his predatory instincts, and it also made for him a powerful and relentless enemy in Lord Suffolk, who did him much harm.

The lady was known as Lady Howard for the rest of her life. The predatory instinct is well illustrated in what follows. Lady Howard lived in London when the King and Court were at Oxford. Sir Richard succeeded in

getting Fitzford sequestered and conveyed to himself because Lady Howard was with the rebels!

In 1641 came the Irish rebellion. Forty or fifty thousand English Protestants had been murdered, and such atrocities were committed that—

Never again perhaps, until the story of the Cawnpore massacres set the teeth of the people on edge, did such a frenzy of revenge take possession of the English people.

Granville held an important command, and did good service, but quarrelled with the Marquis of Ormonde, and with Monck was sent to join the King at Oxford. Monck went straight to Oxford. Not so Sir Richard. He had large arrears of pay due to him. He held that, as Parliament had taken over the King's Government, they had also taken over payment of officers serving England in Ireland irrespective of party. So he went to London, claimed his arrears, and got them. A vote of thanks was passed for his services in Ireland, he was made a Major-General, and admitted to the most sacred confidences of Parliament. He was given a special mission, "and having received a considerable sum of money for his equipage," he set out from London in a coach and six amid the plaudits and the blessings of the citizens. At Bagshot, however, he called a halt, explained to his officers and men the crime of fighting against their King, and took them nearly all with him to Oxford. What magnificent audacity! He was determined to get his money, and he got it, and more too, and officers and men as well, and then he joined his King a loyal Granville. Through the gross dishonesty of his act there surely shines a gleam of humour. Sir Richard doubtless regarded it as a *raid*.

From Oxford he was sent to his own West Country. He was prominent in the siege of Plymouth and in nearly all the operations in the West. He quarrelled with all his superiors, and even with the Prince of Wales, to whose Secretary-at-War he once returned the commission of Field-Marshal, which the Prince had given him in an empty envelope. His most fatal quarrel was with Hyde, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (afterwards Lord Clarendon). Under great stress in 1646 Granville recommended the Prince to give command of the Army of the West to Lord Hopton. His advice was taken, but he was appointed to command the foot under Hopton, his junior. This he refused to do, and was committed a close prisoner to Launceston Castle, and was cashiered from the regiments he commanded without trial. Sir Richard was assured that if he would not submit all the troops would stand by him. But this time he was in truth a loyal Granville, and took his punishment. Accused of grinding down the people, accused of maintaining a much smaller force of the county contributions than their amount warranted (and mothers would quiet their babies with "Granville is coming"). He maintained the best discipline in the King's army. Like another great General, who died the other day in the West Country, in good and bad repute his men were always with him, would hear nought against him. And his imprisonment struck the last blow to the King's cause in the West. He followed Charles into exile, and we see that the man who would wring the last farthing out of a rival and who would tamper with taxes could also be liberal, for he sent substantial help to Prince James in Jersey.

He died in Holland, banished from his country for his loyalty to his King, and denied too his King's presence through his loyalty. He had heard grave imputations against Hyde, which he communicated to Charles in confidence. The confidence was not kept and he was forbidden the presence. It was Sir Richard's misfortune that he was born after his time. Had he been of the twelfth century he would have been an ideal feudal lord. A brave soldier, he had predatory instincts, inherited doubtless from Rollo, the sea-king. But his one son died childless. There is a Stowe still, though not in the West Country, where many Grenvilles have been bred to serve the King. No predatory instincts have reappeared. They throw back to Sir Bevil, the bayard of England, not to Sir Richard Granville and Rollo.

WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WINSTON, AROUND AROUND AROUND

WE commented not long ago in these pages on the interesting fact that British politicians on opposite sides are, generally speaking, on friendly terms, and on the still more curious fact that this is invariably counted to them for righteousness. A striking example of this state of affairs is provided by the circumstances attending the marriage of Mr. Winston Churchill. Here we have Mr. Churchill, who has "thrown in his lot with the people," who has surpassed the commonest bawler of clap-trap vulgarities in Hyde Park in his denunciations of the House of Lords, and who, he informs us, is prepared to stake his future prospects and that of his party on the passage through both Houses of Mr. Asquith's anti-brewer Bill. Naturally the party which Mr. Churchill has deserted and the class from which, on one side, he springs cannot be supposed to love Mr. Churchill very much, and, while the ties of blood and the ties of old-standing friendship would be expected to prevent a complete rupture between Mr. Churchill and his own near relatives and immediate personal friends, it would not have been surprising to have found a certain amount of coldness arising in the relations between Mr. Churchill and the party and set he has deserted. Had anything of the sort taken place, and had Mr. Churchill, in the face of the openly-expressed disapproval and contempt of his own class, continued in his fervent and recently acquired convictions, it might have been possible to admire Mr. Churchill's strength of mind and to congratulate him on the sincerity of his feelings. But nothing of the sort has happened. Mr. Churchill's position in society remains as it was (strengthened by the addition of a useful £5,000 a year), the members of the class he has persistently attacked and undermined lavish their respectful attentions on him, and his wedding, which in itself is of considerably less importance than the merest "shocking affair in Battersea" or "horrible outrage in Soho," is exalted by the idiot press of both parties into an event of national moment. There is an admirable cartoon in an old number of *Punch* representing Lord Randolph Churchill as the modern Curtius leaping into a gulf at the bottom of which is a comfortable mattress inscribed "Popularity." It refers, of course, to Lord Randolph's "dramatic" resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Mr. Winston Churchill has not even had to provide himself with a mattress to fall on, and the necessity for performing any act even so feebly "dramatic" as his father's resignation of office has been spared him. So completely is it now recognised that modern politics in this country are a "game," that there is considerably less feeling over them among politicians than there would be in a really serious game such as cricket or football. However popular a football-player might be, and however closely related by blood and by other ties to prominent members of his own team, he would have to be prepared to face a certain amount of unpleasantness if in the middle of a match he deliberately kicked the ball through the posts of his own goal and thus scored a point for the other side. But in the game of politics, as understood nowadays by the feeble time-serving phrase-choppers who "perform" in public on one side or the other, the idea of carrying political conviction into private life would be considered "quite impossible" and "most undesirable." As for Mr. Churchill, who shall blame him if, perceiving that the whole business is a game, and that success, obtained at whatever price, is the only thing that matters, and that he can successfully pose as a champion of the "enslaved people," an apostle of peace with everybody, especially with Germany, a denouncer of the corrupt and effete members of the House of Lords, and a scourge for the beer-swollen brewers, while continuing to enjoy the esteem, regard, and even the abject adoration for his "cleverness," of all these classes of people, including the

brewers, who shall blame him, we say, if he accepts the situation? He is not bound to bring his own martyrdom to practical issues when he can wear the crown without any of its inconveniences. He is in a position to plead that his case is analogous to that of an early Christian, who has openly professed his faith, and who, on being brought before the Judges, and having declared his willingness to die for his convictions, is politely asked to dinner to meet the High Priest of the Temple of Apollo and several other distinguished pagans, including that eminently safe and moderate politician the Right Honble. Pontius Pilate, who is still in a state of philosophic doubt as to the question at issue, and who is far too well bred to mean any of the things he says in public. What could the poor early Christian do under such circumstances? Nothing evidently. He is a victim of incurable kind-hearted tolerance. What can Winston do? Obviously he had better go on denouncing the House of Lords, making himself agreeable to Germany, and attacking the brewers, while he continues to eat the dinners, and drink the wine, and shoot the game, and marry the daughters of the members of the House of Lords, the harmless unnecessary generals, and the forgiving brewers. He knows perfectly well that when Mr. —, the member for —, denounces him as a danger to the country and a traitor to his class, his party, and his principles, Mr. — does not mean a syllable of what he says. Bless you, it is only part of "the game." Otherwise would Mr. — make such a tremendous point of leaving his constituency, which is a very long way from London, and coming up to attend "the Churchill wedding," there to proffer his congratulations, to exchange smirks and bows with his political opponents, and to offer up his humble prayer for a long line of little Winstons who shall in course of time be found "following in father's footsteps, following the dear old dad"? We trow not. Therefore rejoice O Winston and be exceeding glad, for you have been born into an age which is eminently suited to your talents, and which has a proper appreciation of American smartness. And if at any future time it shall become necessary, in the interests of the upkeep of the aforesaid little Winstons, to make a little gentle *détour* and to come back again into the Conservative fold, how pleasant to think that not only will the warmest welcome await you from your former colleagues, but that no member of the party which you at present adorn will be so "ill-bred" and so "uncharitable" as to allow his political convictions to interfere with his respect for you and your illustrious, not to say ducal, relatives.

"OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE"

It would seem that in the publishing business one requires nowadays a most level head. There is a firm, for example, which trades as Alston Rivers, Limited. We do not know whether anybody of the name of Rivers is connected with this concern; but it is certain that one of the principals is the Hon. Lancelot Julian Bathurst. We have reason to believe that this gentleman is Alston Rivers and no other. And on our well-known principle that the publisher of a book must share, and indeed take the brunt of, the responsibility which attaches to the publication of a book, we should like to know by what species of argument the Hon. Lancelot Julian Bathurst would justify the publication of a work called "G. K. Chesterton: a Criticism," which is just issued from the Alston Rivers Press. In a puff which is bound up with the volume, and is intended to be descriptive of it, Messrs. Alston Rivers remark that "G. K. C." are "the three letters with which the Christian names and surname of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton commence, forming a *nom de guerre* of the first importance in literary circles." If this is the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst's justification we can only say that it speaks for itself as well as for the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst. Messrs. Alston Rivers's puffer remarks further:

Everybody knows how delightful a humour is Mr. Chesterton's, and probably no one will enjoy the sallies of his anonymous critic more than he himself [*sic*]. Perhaps, however, critic is

hardly the word for the author of "G. K. C."; he is rather a jester whose irrepressible hilarity is favoured by a fortunate choice of his subject.

We do not believe that anybody will read the said critic or jester his pages without coming to the conclusion that so far from being a critic of Mr. Chesterton, or, least of all, a jester who would take the smallest liberties with the beautiful name or works of Chesterton, the anonymous author of this volume is a sheer friend and hysterical admirer of the great man, and that if he has not shown Mr. Chesterton his proofs he has been privileged to shake Mr. Chesterton warmly by the hand and drink with him many a happy "flagon of Burgundy" time and time again. Is the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst acquainted with the name of our friend the "critic" or "jester," and can he put his hand on his heart and swear that for the compilation of "Gilbert Chesterton: a Criticism" Mr. Chesterton was not approached or consulted? We are not in the least concerned to review or indicate the contents of such a showman's book as our friend the critic or jester has turned out. People who can read at all know exactly what this kind of book can be guaranteed to contain, and "Gilbert Chesterton: a Criticism" contains all that the foolish have a right to expect, with a good deal more thrown in.

The business of the present article is a larger and wider business. We propose to deal with the quack, and to leave his sycophants and lickspittles to themselves. The quack is a man of considerable adroitness. He recognised early in his career that if you enter what he would call the literary arena equipped only with middling talents you are not likely to shine with any sort of effulgence on your plain merits. Even topsy-turvy, posturing, giggling, and highfalutin' writing will not bring you into proper prominence. If you would succeed with the Chestertonian gifts and the Chestertonian mentality you must take steps. And to what should these steps amount? Let us learn the lesson from that high book and *vade mecum* of quackery the *Daily Mail*. When the *Daily Mail* wishes to boom a poet, what does it do? Well, it hunts up a poet who is transcendent in the possession of a wooden leg. Now, so far as we are aware, our transcendent Mr. Chesterton is utterly devoid of this important literary appendage. Neither his left leg nor his right would appear to be of wood. But a man may be singular and attract the eye even with legs of an ordinary mould. If a curate with two admirable legs of flesh and blood were to walk down the Strand to-morrow dragging behind him with the help of a piece of string a couple of woolley lambs such as children use, his fame would be spread throughout the length and breadth of England in the twinkling of a special edition. Having no proper spirit or genius whereby he could sufficiently rouse the romantic emotions of Clapham, Balham, and Camden Town, Mr. Chesterton, like the competent quack that he is, has had recourse to the woolley lamb. Not one word or phrase out of the millions that he has written or indited can any mortal person recall when his name is mentioned. One skips him in his numerous corners of third and fourth rate journals, and one avoids his books because they are always and inevitably a bore. But he lives and is "of the first importance in literary circles," inasmuch as he has been blown up, as it were, into a figure by the paragraph-mongers. We append the true likeness of Mr. Chesterton, by which his "vast public" really knows him. First the interviewer:

On Mr. Chesterton's table stands a small toy theatre, to which he says he is much attached.

"And what are your favourite toys?"

He produced a wooden sword (not a wooden leg, mind you). He has a keen delight in all manner of swords. Never by any chance does he stir a yard from his stronghold without an absurd sword-stick; even if only taking a morning stroll in his ancestral park at Battersea, the steel is never left behind and serves to hail a cab, amuse a crowd of children, or mystify a policeman.

On a wall in his flat at Battersea he has written in chalk, in large letters, "Lest we forget," and underneath he marks up his appointments.

This was in 1903. In 1908 we have the Hon. Lancelot Julian Bathurst's "critic" and "jester":

The tall, slender idealist [has become], the full girthed giant shaking with Gargantuan laughter.

He goes about London with his pockets stuffed with sixpenny books and penny magazines, which it would seem incredible that any man of his literary status should look at.

His huge form, half of which, as Mr. Shaw has said, is usually out of the range of vision, his great flapping hat and romantic cloak, are familiar to every one who knows the world of Fleet Street and the Strand. . . . Both Battersea and Fleet Street are, I believe, adequately policed. But Mr. Chesterton insists on traversing them armed with a sword-stick and generally carrying a revolver in his pocket. . . . Another symptom of his romanticism is his love of toy theatres.

Of course his fame has carried him into new circles and made him acquainted with men of what may roughly be called the governing class, with Bishops and Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, and men eminent in letters and art.

For hours he will sit over a bumper of burgundy in one of his favourite haunts, especially in a certain wine bar which from the other side of the main road confronts the Puritanism of the *Daily News*, and pour out torrents of conversation to any one who happens to be about. He talks, especially in argument, with powerful voice and gesture. He laughs at his own jokes loudly and with quite unaffected enjoyment. He seems at such moments quite unconscious of the flight of time.

And lest one should form an incorrect view of the sword-stick, revolver-carrying, guffawing, bumper-of-burgundy swallowing Daniel Lambert, let us note that he is "extraordinarily lavish in the taking of cabs:"

G. K. C. gives many people the impression of being a lazy man. His extraordinary lavishness in the taking of cabs has tended to enforce that view. He will take a cab half-way up the street keeping it waiting for an hour or so, and then drive half-way down the street again. I know a man who met him in a little bookshop just opposite the Law Courts. A cab was, of course, waiting outside. G. K. C. drove my friend to a neighbouring hostelry about six doors further down, just opposite St. Clement Danes.

They went in and talked over their wine for three-quarters of an hour, the cab still waiting. The other man naturally thought the cab was to take G. K. C. back to Battersea. But he was in error. When they got out it appeared that the eminent journalist was only going to the office of the *Illustrated London News*, which is just about six doors down the Strand. The total distance traversed could not have been more than 150yds. The time occupied was something over an hour. What the cabman charged I do not know; but as, from what I know of Mr. Chesterton, he probably got at least double his proper fare, he presumably did not do so badly.

This is your man, and this, in addition to the earning of sums of money, is all that he has succeeded in doing for himself. This is what it means to be an "eminent journalist" and "of the first importance in literary circles." Let us kneel with the Hon. Lancelot at his greasy, burgundy-stained shrine, what time the jingling hansom waits us with its rolling occupant and his sword-stick, and his revolver, and his pockets stuffed with penny magazines.

We do not say that Mr. Chesterton should refrain from doing his best in his profession. He may write to his heart's content, and to the general mental confusion of readers of the *Daily News* and the *Christian Globe*, and to the delight of the women and children who find Mr. Shaw and the *Daily Mail* difficult reading. What we object to is that any person who professes a connection with letters, or even with literary journalism, should go about with a banjo and his face painted blue. Literary people who have private vices in the way of toy theatres and wooden swords should for the sake of letters endeavour to keep them to themselves. Mr. Chesterton has not done this. If he drinks bumpers of Burgundy there is no need for him to procure his friends to proclaim it from the housetops. Gentlemen whose names may be said to shine with an equal lustre to that of Chesterton succeed in keeping their capacity for liquor and their generosity to cabmen out of the papers. Mr. Chesterton could do as much if he wished to, but he does not wish to. He knows that when you have stripped him of his unfortunate presence, of his toy theatre, his wooden sword, his bumpers of Burgundy and his "Here's an extra sixpence for you, cabby," there is nothing left but your ordinary struggling journalist, who has the journalist's contempt for austere letters, the journalist's pride in his

ability to toss off clever-looking copy, and the journalist's winning adaptability and willingness to turn out work for anybody who has money wherewith to hire him. We have no doubt that Mr. Chesterton desires in his heart to pass for a man of letters. On the other hand his temperament and gifts are of a kind which debar him from any such attainment. Consequently we find that, while he desires that his friends should speak of him with bated breath and whispered humbleness as the one literary portent of his day, he nevertheless affects contempt for pretty well everything that people who really value letters hold to be important. For example, it is boasted on his behalf that he has taken the dignity out of criticism. In point of fact he has done nothing of the kind. And we do him the justice to believe that he has not even tried. At the same time it is plain from what he has written that wherever a job of serious criticism has been entrusted to him he has succeeded in making a serious mess of it. His Browning is a striking instance in point. The fact is that we have in Mr. Chesterton the true product of the deboshed hapenny Press. In an age wherein there were no hapenny papers there would have been no Mr. Chesterton. If the hapenny papers ceased to notice him forthwith, it seems to us more than probable that he would cease at once to be of the highest importance in literary circles, and the Bishops and Members of Parliament who have honoured him with their kind notice would be compelled to drop him. If Mr. Chesterton has indeed the root of the matter in him, he must set a heavy foot on these sniggering bepraisers and fuggle men of his. There is not among them a single person of parts. The admiration of the foolish is a great deal worse for one than the contempt of the wise. And as for "G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism," Mr. Chesterton should, we think, arrange to buy up the edition, which he could probably compass for a song, and burn it privily and unbeknown to the reporters. This is sincere advice, and if Mr. Chesterton lives to years of discretion, which we hope he will, he cannot fail to recognise the wisdom of it.

LITTLE SISTER

WE observe with a certain satisfaction a disposition on the part of the militant Suffragist to indulge in that always delightful operation known among the vulgar as "climbing down." It has been said that the book of woman's logic is blotted with tears. It is of the nature of womanhood to be "brave" and to look the hard facts of life "squarely in the face." It is of her nature, too, to endeavour to soften the hardest facts in some sort. When pain and sickness wring the brow she is a ministering angel. If she could have her way with the universe the crooked would be made straight and the rough places plain. Given half a chance she would set to work to remove for you every conceivable difficulty, every conceivable inequality, every conceivable injustice. But she forgets in her goodness that when all is said the world is built in a certain way, and that for some reason or other she was not consulted when the original scheme of things was ordained. God made nuts, but He did not crack them. For more than one reason woman would have made them ready cracked. God made man a little lower than the angels, and, despite all the suffragitis that ever infected the dear, delightful feminine heart, there can be no doubt that if woman had been allowed a finger in the making of man, she would have made him a good deal higher than the angels. In her story-books she does so always and forever. A pair of moustaches and a glittering smile move her to moral rhapsodies of the most gratifying kind. In her heart of hearts she believes that man is true, noble, brave, faithful, and, more than all, strong. On the whole she flatters him; but that is part of her business in life, and we must thank heaven that it is so.

We gather from a recent communication to THE ACADEMY that even the most bitter and rabid of our contemporary vote-demanding, man-hating, and man-made-law-hating females has a soft place beneath her corsage. She

wishes to call your poor soaring human man all manner of hard names—such for example as tyrant, brute, despot, loafer, beer-swiller, and so forth, but she, for her part good soul, does not wish that he should retaliate, even though the last spark of chivalry be dead within him. For her desire is that he should call her name "Little Sister." This is quite touching in its pathos, particularly as man has been doing it ever since he can remember. General Booth, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Bernard Shaw notwithstanding, the history of the world is a history of fawning and dog-life devotion to Little Sister. It is trite to go back to Eden. But what woman who is not qualified for permanent residence in a lunatic asylum can reflect upon that tender episode in the primal garden without perceiving in a flash as it were that a vote is the very last thing a woman should demand. "The woman tempted me and I did eat." The woman thereby cast us all into the pit of hell, not to say worse, and now she has the temerity to come out shouting for votes. We think that, in view of what happened in that garden, Little Sister would do well to walk softly and delicately and modestly and without making noises for the rest of time. Then there was Little Sister whose face launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium. And there was Little Sister who made such ruin in the heart of Antony, and—to get done with her rapidly—there was Juliet and there was Beatrice, and there was Perdita, and there were Joan of Arc and Grace Darling. And even now we have Florence Nightingale and Lady Grove and Marie Lloyd and Lady McLaren. We yield to nobody in our admiration of these ladies. They are all Little Sister to us, and we like them and love them with a perfectly pure and chaste flame. What the world would have done without them no man may say. We contend that the male side of the world has been living and working and agonising to celebrate, pleasure, or keep the wind off them all these years. We say that Little Sister knows this herself, and that when she bumped her pretty head against the hard wall of facts she never expected that the wall would be hurt. And she really does not believe that man is a tyrant because he is unable to transform stone walls into pneumatic cushions. And we say further that, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, and so far as man-made law is concerned, the whole trend of legislation has been well in the interests of Little Sister. To take crude examples: Here is a man who deserts his wife. Result, he is haled at once before a magistrate, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and told that he must contribute at least a third of his income to the lady's support. On the other hand Little Sister informs you one morning that she is going back to her mother. She leaves you with three helpless babes and two frowsy maids-of-all-work, and you have no redress. You cannot bring her before a magistrate for desertion and you cannot make her contribute towards your support. Now, if we are to have strict equality between the sexes, as Little Sister makes believe, we must have strict equality. The desertion of a man by a woman may and frequently is quite as serious a matter for the man as the desertion of a woman by a man is a serious thing for the woman. If Darby's desertion is to be visited with pains and penalties, why in the name of goodness should not Joan's? Of course, in the present state of affairs, nobody grumbles that things should be as they are. Women are credited by the law with an emotional and discretionary superiority to man, but if you give a woman the vote you lower her immediately to the common plane of the despised male, and the law must no longer treat her as a superior being but as man's mere equal. Again, we may take the question of bankruptcy. Many a good man and many an evil one has been made bankrupt with results far from comfortable to himself. But the terrible, ungallant, despotic law will not allow you to make Little Sister bankrupt. The law says in effect that bankruptcy is an altogether too foul and abominable stigma to place upon a woman, and we think quite rightly. But if woman is to have the franchise on the terms of political equality, on which she so insists, she must

take her bankruptcy and her public examination and her subsequent inability to indulge in £20 worth of credit without explaining matters—she must take these things, we say, like a man. And lastly, you cannot imprison a woman for debt. Here is gallantry of the highest and most astounding quality. For it is notorious that the whole art of getting into debt gracefully and remaining there prettily for ever is understood properly of woman and of woman only. This is not wickedness on her part, but a simple and beautiful, and as we believe righteous, inability to recognise that money is of any consequence at all. So that when the glorious female suffrage proposals are a *fait accompli*, and woman is a citizen and the equal of man, we are afraid that the Jews and the County Courts and the stone jugs will inevitably get hold of her. There are a hundred other points wherein one could show direct or indirect gallantry on the part of the law, and while we have not space to particularise them, it is safe to say that if the horrid man-made laws of England were to be revised on the sauce-for-the-gander sauce-for-the-goose principle, Little Sister would have some very nasty fits of weeping, and her path through life would not be by any means so smooth as it is under the present brutal régime.

We are most grateful to Little Sister for that in her wildest, most hysterical, and most dangerous moments she has never set up a claim to be more than man's equal. She knows perfectly well that she could never make her tongue say that Harold with his eagle eye and his great strong arm and his big brave heart was her inferior. All she wants, poor dear, is to be recognised and put on a footing with the rest of the household. And we contend that if she will dry her eyes, and swallow her rage, and look complacently round her for a minute or two, she will find that she is not only already on a footing but on a good deal of a pedestal. And of course when it comes to the vote—oh that blessed vote!—we must really draw the line, and this, as a matter of fact, for Little Sister's own sake. A vote is a dangerous thing. We would sooner see women go about with revolvers in their pockets than with votes in their reticules. We are not at all sure that it is every man who is fit to be trusted with a vote. Manhood suffrage is not yet a thing accomplished for mankind, and there are wise persons amongst us who can see reasons why it should not become a thing accomplished. And womanhood suffrage would mean sheer anarchy. There are certain duties to the State which can be performed by men and men alone. One of those duties is government. There are certain duties to the State which can be performed by women and women alone, and government is not among them. Little Sister must learn this hard lesson. An Englishman's house is his castle. If Little Sister cries for the governance of it there are kind men in the world who will allow her to make believe that she has it, but when it comes to serious points, such as the upkeep of the exchequer and interviewing burglars, Little Sister prefers to cling rather than rule. This is quite natural and no disgrace to her, and in fact we applaud her for it. And so it must be in that greater household which we call the State. The powers that be may be dull and bald and prone to err and apt to hesitate before they make decisions about matters which appear perfectly simple and clear to Little Sister, but she knows quite well in her quivering heart that if she were to be handed the reins of government in the morning she would either be frightened and run away or she would make a sad mess of it. There are occasions in life when the females of a household will say even of the most insignificant and brow-beaten husband "Thank God! Father's at home." And the parable is good in respect of male government. Little Sister must learn this bitter truth, which has its basis not in man's arrogance or despotism, but in the laws of the universe, and which can never be altered, even though one shriek till one be black in the face. She must cease to do evil and learn to do well. She must beware of false prophets who come to her in the figures of such persons as Mr. Bernard

Shaw, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. Massingham and the minor poets. They can do nothing to improve her condition; they are simply using her as a stalking-horse for notoriety and hapence, and we believe that if the truth were known they really laugh in their sleeves over her. That she is easy to practise upon nobody who has had any experience can doubt. The male Suffragist knows this, and he lays his gins and traps and lures accordingly. If she is fool enough to break the squares of Prime Ministers to oblige Lord Northcliffe with a "scoop" for his hapenny papers; if she is fool enough to believe that the time has come to discuss improper matters so that Mr. Shaw may line his pockets with the royalties on a play which settles things up for ever; if she is fool enough to imagine that when SHE gets a vote there will be no more poverty and no more pain and no more disagreements between married couples, and no more hair-pulling in the family circle, and no more drink and no more wife-beating, and no more divorce-courts and no more clubs and no more coming home with the milk, she must believe it. But it is not so. In point of fact there are irremovable, implacable, and perfectly obvious reasons why Little Sister's vote, if ever she gets it, will turn out to be one of two things: that is to say, either the prettiest and tenderest of farces or the gravest and most terrible of catastrophes.

THE LATER COURSE OF ENGLISH PROSE

IN resuming the subject of an article in last week's ACADEMY, it may be permissible to remind the reader of what was therein set forth. The point of that article was that the great prose of our literature, from the time of the Authorised Version of the Bible to the time of Newman and Ruskin, had for inspiration and control one common power—the sense of rhythm. It was noted that the style of the Bible and of the whole great period was primarily vocal, and the pregnant remark of Newman was cited that literature "addresses itself, in its primary idea, to the ear, not to the eye." In the conclusion, it was observed that since Newman and Ruskin a new prose, formed on a different principle, subject to another control, had crept into our literature. From Jeremy Taylor to De Quincey, from Traherne to Landor, the governing impulse of prose had been found in the rhythm. Its appeal was of sound, to the ear; it was regarded as representative of, and perpetuating, the spoken word. It was vocal.

Now the later prose, the prose to which we are accustomed in current literature and which we regard as peculiarly "modern," is distinguished from the earlier by this—that its appeal is not to the ear but to the eye. It is regarded as the representative and perpetuation of things seen. In a word, it is picturesque.

In saying this, there is no need to deny the frequent charm of the later style—its novelty, vividness, diversity of colour. At its best it is like an agreeable, romantic landscape, with light and shadow, with clear and beautiful hues of dawn or evening, with sharp salience of outline as in summer twilight. It is admirably adapted to many things, and especially to that laborious minuteness of scientific description which many writers appear to deem the chief office of literature. But in forsaking the earlier inspiration, in passing from the earlier control, it is to be remarked that it has passed from the greatness of its way; it has forgotten its glory. It is as though the master of sonorous, magnificent music should leave his organ and subdue his hand to the pettier practice of the brush, attempting so the expression of the large harmonies of the ancient instrument. He may gain little; he must needs lose much.

To leave these similes, which are perhaps confusing rather than illuminating, it should be remembered that the invasion of the new prose has by no means involved the utter extinction of the old. The main tendency is, indeed, towards the new, and it is with that tendency that the

present paper is concerned. But we may stay to observe that side by side with the innovation of the picturesque, there has persisted the older rhythmic prose. Need we do more than instance the ample harmonies [of the prose of our great living poet—Mr. Swinburne? The splendour of his verse has, for many critics and most readers, defeated the splendour of his prose; yet it is hardly to be denied that, had he not won so sure an immortality by "Poems and Ballads" and "Atalanta in Calydon," he would have achieved a fame not at all brief or contemptible by means of "Essays and Studies" and the other treasurable volumes of his prose criticism. Mr. Swinburne's is prose of the great tradition, at times lyrical and impassioned like his verse, and always preserving the true vocal quality. Tender and ardent in appreciation, generous in praise, vehement in invective—it is alike dominated by the "primary idea" and impulse of speech. No finer witness of Mr. Swinburne's finest power as a writer of great rhythmic prose will be found than the simple sentences on the death of William Blake, in the wonderful essay which the later poet devoted as tribute to the earlier:

Only such men die so; though the worst have been known to die calmly and the meanest bravely. This pure lyric rapture of spirit and perfect music of sundering soul and body can only be given to these few. . . . The world of men was less by one great man, and was none the wiser; while he lived he was called mad and kept poor; after his death much of his work was destroyed, and in course of time not so much as his grave was left him.

Nor is Mr. Swinburne the only living master whose prose maintains the old allegiance.

Where first the new characteristic was discovered who shall say? Indeed, it matters little; the important thing is to ascertain its vital presence now and to observe its influence in those chiefly subject to it. One needs must hesitate a little in this, since in most of those who clearly exemplify the modern departure from the old way there is yet to be discerned something of the old persisting more or less strangely in the new. In few is the fresh control to be noted as absolute and exclusive. There is, however, one writer who, we may assert, reveals a full subjection to the new impulse, and he is of all recent prose craftsmen the most influential and the most admired—Robert Louis Stevenson. For good or for ill he has stamped his impression violently upon the prose of our day as upon obedient wax, winning such an esteem as is but seldom accorded to the infinite capacity for taking pains. How much of his immediate popularity may be due to his insistent preaching of a gospel which, unlike ancient gospels, can hardly be distasteful to any; how much of it is due to a personality which has been portrayed with so cunning a semblance of naïveté we need not now inquire. Assuredly that attitude to life and death, that gaiety of mutual encouragement, that careful effusiveness of candour, have made a strong appeal to men touched with a perhaps undue sense of

The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world;

and who are, maybe, rather too readily persuaded that the world is a strange place, in which to preserve a cheerful courage is a kind of heroic triumph. Nevertheless, it is equally plain that, but for a style marvellously well suited to this personal "philosophy," a style of pleasant bravado and ostentatious strenuousness, Stevenson would have failed to command the admiration of at least half of those who now regard his work as the final excellence of English prose. There are many, many readers who are fascinated by the landscape variety of Stevenson's writing; and there are many authors now busily engaged in securing their reputations who show an almost slavish acceptance of his lead. He himself was excessively occupied with questions of technique. In "Memories and Portraits" he has related, in a famous phrase, his zealous playing of the "sedulous ape" to various masters; how as a youth he "lived with words," when description was the principal field of his exercise; and in what purely ventriloquial efforts he first achieved authorship. Good practice, indeed, as he avers;

but remembering his relentless pursuit of "style," one is tempted to suspect that it was the worst possible training for Stevenson.

In Stevenson's books is seen the picturesque mode at its best, but there are signs that he knew its dangers. Does it not appear that, in his later work, in "Weir of Hermiston," for example, he saw the peril of this perpetual sacrifice to curious brilliance of phrase, and yielded himself to the older and surer control? That his influence has been so wide and strong is not wholly to be regretted; at least he incites to a careful precision of language, and that incentive is never unnecessary. But alack! his influence does not end with this salutary impulse. "Brilliant" writers are emulous of his faults, and the worship of the striking epithet, the subordination of all to the one meretricious effect, has brought forth that flashy, indiscriminate, "hit-or-miss" style which is everywhere the bane of current writing.

With Stevenson's the name of Walter Pater is often coupled as that of a kindred master, but this association of the most popular with the least popular of recent writers is essentially uncritical. Pater, while apparently yielding to the new influence, while seeming even more meticulous than others in his ambition for the right word, never denies the dominance of the old tradition. One quality he has in common with Johnson—a patient, scholarly discrimination of the meaning of words and phrases, and the manifold implications that gather so wonderfully around them; but he extends it to the subtleties of moods and ideas with an apprehension far more alert and delicate than Johnson's. To this resolute, conscientious precision is to be referred the occasional heaviness and slowness of movement which may be found in his prose, though even there one is yet aware of the rhythm, albeit cumbered and retarded by the author's over-scrupulousness. At the foundation of Pater's conception of prose there is an architectural idea. His phrases, sentences, paragraphs are controlled by a principle that is not purely of the eye or the ear, but a harmony of both. He is a builder; but the noble walls of such severe rectitude and faultless delicacy have risen to music. How well he knew the essential office of prose as representative of sound rather than of sight is to be recognised in his curious endeavour towards a vocal effect by that idiosyncrasy of "Well!" and "say!" and other peculiarities of punctuation. That famous, often-quoted passage concerning Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" is by no means the purest example of the special character of Pater's style; the best witness is, perhaps, to be found in the "Imaginary Portraits," where the portrait (the temptation of a merely descriptive writer) is not flung gaping upon a coarse canvas, but is evoked as by serene music from secret depths;—or in that beautiful, reminiscent "Child in the House:"

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling—the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it.

It is a little curious, but not very astonishing, that prose of this fine and difficult quality should be of such small influence on current letters. It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Henry James, whose art is so original, subtle, perplexing, that less than justice has perhaps been done to the extraordinary virtue of his prose? In an early work such as "Daisy Miller" you will discover evidence of no common gift of speech; in a later book such as "The Two Magics" or "English Hours" you will find a more accomplished manner, a more perfect art:

I caught him, yes. I held him—it may be imagined with what

a passion; but at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.

There is in Mr. James's best work a curious, elusive characteristic with which, no doubt, every reader will be acquainted, and none find it easy to describe. It is, perhaps, best expressed by saying that there is a strange sense of whispering and listening—faint reverberations straying through this rare prose which, in a way entirely peculiar to Mr. James, sometimes astonishes and sometimes puzzles, but seldom fails to delight.

But there seem to be no more than a few exceptions to the usurpation of the picturesque style; and since the appeal is now so exclusively to the eye, since the "rhythm of prose" has become so rare a thing, it is remarkable how deficient in loftiness, wing, power, passion, current writing has become. Save the authors already named, and a few others who, like them, have maintained their fidelity to the old impulse and so preserved the echo of the old beauty, to whom can we look for any fit utterance of thoughts beyond the common or hopes above the mean? English prose seems to have diminished grievously from its full-flowing glory, and one is irresistibly impelled to recall the eloquent lament of Wordsworth:

That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish.

It is the plain business of criticism (to use a tiresome phrase) to keep uncorrupted the standard of noble prose, though the sins of vulgarity and violence be multiplied daily.

LETTER-WRITING

Now that everybody whose name is known beyond the circle of the milkman's rounds may be assured that he will have his biography written it is only a question of time for any given sealed post-bag to lie open to the public. The general result is most disappointing. Authors whose names seem a pledge for liveliness and ease, for wit, for profundity, for any pleasant quality you please, when their lives are ripped open by the executors are found to contain none of these golden eggs. Matthew Arnold, the poet; the Bishop of Ponderstown, that authority upon Uncials; Chimpanzini, the great musician; Sir Portlebury Shedgold, eminent Liberal politician; and Sir Having Greedy, the beau—these each in turn have fired the curiosity and moved the paper-knives of the reading public, as their letters shaped themselves into print and lamplight. See here! and lo there! was the cry of the reviewers; but each biography in turn was laid aside with at least one disappointed sigh. However interesting the events were, however fervent the love and puff might be, the man's letters were woefully devoid of nourishment. If he said anything well in them he said it better in what we knew already. The wittiest become dull, the holiest heavy, the wildest proper, and the masters of those who know use only their prentice hands for private letters. Soured with continual disappointment, the literary man scowls disdainfully at the postman and scoffs at his millions of missives. Those sealed brown bags may be made up of invoices for aught one cares. In the whole fardel of all St. Martin's is there any pearl of price? Is there anything which should not die? If able editors are not able, poets are prosy, *savants* stupid, men of affairs suetty in their letters; if wits grow olient and even famous lovers become laodicean, then away with such stuff to the paper-mills, unread for ever, at any rate after once the historians have picked them over. Yet upon second thoughts, St. Martin's may be less gloomy than one supposed, for there do come into the letter-box not seldom light epistles from little people, which touch a higher level than ever these from whom much is expected. Passages sometimes leap from ordinary envelopes which Charles Lamb would not have rewritten nor Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have blotted. The writers never saw print, and would faint beneath the fierce light of any publicity. That is the very reason, that

and none other, why they write real letters. The cold malignity of print and the hot malignity of the platform, these cramp the pen-hand and numb the timid thought that would fain flow with the ink. To be a good letter-writer you must have no fear of being called to account, and therefore must know nothing of printer's devilry. You must be ignorant of critics, political opponents, rival reviews, and indeed of any audience larger than such as a tea-table can comfortably accommodate. An audience of one is the best provocative, add the rest of the family to the mind of the writer and he begins to flag, add the street and he halts lamely, add the town and he falls heavily to earth. But even an audience of one, and that one with Vulcan at his elbow, is not sufficient environment for good letter-writing, unless we add the conditions of security and leisure. Lady Mary was most herself not when she wrote dutifully to her husband or conscientiously to her daughter, or printfully to Pope, but when she turned up her mind like a bag and shook it out for her sister, the Countess of Mar, and most astonishing is the result:

As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding-clothes with black. . . . My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of champagne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. . . . Mrs. West is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time. I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Linsay; the one for use, the other for show.

So rattles on the masterful Lady Mary, and just as you conclude that she has left no like behind her you open the post-bag and read:

Annie has great theological possibilities. She has invented a new mortification for Lent, which is to go without afternoon tea. But as we are usually calling upon friends that time of day the new discipline has all the spiritual advantages with none of the material discomforts of other forms of self-denial.

Women are often better letter-writers than men, because they have more time and far less sense of responsibility; and of men the less responsible are the best. Hence Lamb:

How sick I am!—not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6,000, but I think she perjured herself. She howls in E la, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music?

I was at the Novellos last week. They have a large, cheap house and garden, with a dainty library (magnificent) without books; but what will make you bless yourself (I am too old for wonder) something has touched the right organ in Vincentio at last. He attends a Wesleyan chapel on Kingsland Green. He at first tried to laugh it off; he only went for the singing; but the cloven foot—I retract—the lamb's trotters are at length apparent. Mary Isabella attributes it to a lightness induced by his headaches; but I think I see in it a less accidental influence. Mr. Clark is at perfect staggers! The whole fabric of his infidelity is shaken. He has no one to join him in his horse-insults and indecent obstreperousnesses against Christianity.

Good letters are not dead. They are only shy of the Press, and choose burning before common uses.

THE "NAPE" OF THE NECK

THE N.E.D. regards the etymology of *nape* as obscure, the absence of all *k*-forms making its identity with O. Fries. (*hals*)-*knap*, nape of the neck, doubtful. Professor Skeat (Concise Dict., 1901) adopts the O. Fries. origin and regards the word as allied with A.S. *cnaep*, the top of a hill; and with *knop*. But the *nape* of the neck seems to have been originally a hollow, as is shown by its equivalents in the Romance languages and by some of the examples in the N.E.D.—e.g. (1400) "into his nape," (1541) "in the nawpe of the neck," (1649) "the pit of the hinder part of the head or nape of the neck." This idea of concavity is lost

in M.F. *nuque*, It. Sp. Prov. Port. *nuca*, nor does it appear in the usual O.F. word *haterel* (*naterelle* with agglutination of article in Prompt. Parv.), but it is predominant in other Romance words used for *nape* :

Cotgrave : *canneau du col*, the nape of the neck ; *fosselle de la teste*, the nape of the necke ; *chainon du col*, naupé, etc.

Florio : *coppa*, a cup, a bowle, a goblet ; the nape of the neck.

Oudin : *colodrillo**, le derriere de la teste.

Palsgrave : nape of the necke, *fosselle de la teste* ; naupé of the heed, *canneau de col*, la *fosselle de la teste*.

From these examples it would appear that the *nape* did not originally mean, as now, the back of the neck (G. *Nacken*, Genick, F. *nuque*, O.F. *haterel*, etc.), but the hollow at the base of the skull, O.F. *chaon*, *Nacken-grube*, L. **cavonem* (Diez). Cf. G. *Anke*, Genick, am Mittelrhein und in Schwaben üblich ; mhd. *anka*, ahd. *anka* (Kluge). This *anka*, according to Diez (p. 17), meant also "Einbiegung," and is adopted by the Dict. Gén. as the origin of F. *anche*, tube, etc., which in O.F. meant also *cuve* (Du Cange, Roquefort) ; cf. *ancheau*, *cuve* (Littré). The Prompt. Parv. and Palsgrave both give "nape of the head," and the only gloss for *nape* in the seventeenth-century L. dictionaries (Holyoak, Gouldman, Littleton) is *occiput*, *occipitium*, *nuchaf*. So also Coles (1703), while Ainsworth (1736) gives *ima colli vertebra*. Thus the *nape* was the depression (*fosselle*, *coppa*, *colodrillo*) where the backbone joins the skull, and I take the O. Fries. (*hals*)-*knaf* to mean "neck-bowl" (G. *Napf*, O.H.G. *hnaf*, M.E. *nap*, O.E. *hnaef*, Du *nap*, Dialect E. *nap*). The variants *naape*, *naupe*, *nawpe* and the modern form† seem to preclude E. origin for the word and identity with the archaic *nap*, goblet. It is, I believe, F. *hanaf*, goblet, which, with its derivatives *hanepel*, *hanepier*, was widely used in O.F. for "skull" (v. Godefroi, Roquefort, etc.). *Hanaf* occurs in M.E. (quoted by the N.E.D. for 1494) and is a very common word in A.F., e.g., "Et si trove soit qe nulle taverner autrement faite, primerement soit gageez par soun *hanaf* de la taverne, ou par autre boun gage leinz trove" (Liber Albus, p. 276). "Que Hostillers et Braceours vendent cervoise par pleine mesure, et nemy par *hanapes*" (*ibid.* p. 702). From these quotations it appears that the *hanaf* was commonly, but illegally, used as an alehouse measure. F. *hanaf* is of course etymologically identical with O.H.G. *hnaf*, M.E. *nap*, etc. ; cf. It. *nappe*, Prov. *enaf* (Diez, p. 16, Körting, p. 463). The aphaeresis of the (*h*)*a*- is almost normal in M.E. loan-words from F. (*prentice*, *perl*, *mend*, *vamp*, *vanguard*, etc.), while the application of the name of a vessel to a part of the head is a common linguistic phenomenon.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

FICTION

Wroth. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

To begin with a pair-horse coach driven furiously at dead of night up the aisle of a torch-lit church, the said edifice being full of roystering fellows garbed as monks, and to finish with a duel, the confession by the purple-eyed heroine that she is already (unknown to himself) the wife of the hero who has chased her over half a continent, kisses, and a soliloquy by the inevitable old butler who had held the hero in his arms when a baby—to do all this may bring a smile to the reviewer's lips, but if it is well done it can be very entertaining. And in this story concerning young Lord Wroth, of Hurley Priory, there is no question as to the entertainment ; it is capitally done ; there is no padding. Once the reader allows the probability of one or two central incidents—such as the chance of a man permitting himself to be married to a woman thickly veiled without once seeing her face—he is

carried on as by storm. To use schoolboy language, it is a rattling book—Romance, with a big R, undiluted, and clean withal.

Without exposing the plot, we may say that the action takes place in the early years of the nineteenth century. The hero is an eccentric and passionate young nobleman, and we have complications with law, love, and ladies to a fine tune, on a higher literary scale in the telling than is usual. The latter half of the book, in which the character of Count Spiridion appears, is written with much taste and delicacy ; the old Count is altogether a captivating personage, and the scene in the garden of his Château of Mon-Repos could not be bettered.

In another way the book is pleasing : the reader is never irritated by slovenly writing. In a careful perusal we came across one or two sentences ending with prepositions which might have been more neatly constructed, and an occasional "averse to," but to find a volume of 370 pages written with a nice regard for language, and, in spite of the flamboyant subject, with little or no flamboyance in style, is a pleasure quite apart from the interest of the plot. As a fair specimen of the restrained treatment we may quote in conclusion a few lines from the latter portion of the book :

There fell rain the whole of the next afternoon—the good rain that, sinking into the earth, draws life and beauty out of its heart. In the *salon*, except for Count Spiridion's music, it was a very quiet party. The *curé*, comfortably absorbed, in his special arm-chair, closed his eyes—to have no distractions—and thereafter slumbered frankly and almost noiselessly. He only woke up a intervals to say :

"Ah, heaven, how fine !" Or, "Music ! how beautiful she is !" He was a charming listener.

Spiridion was deep in diplomacy ; all to his instrument, all to the business of the moment. When Juliana, sitting at the old harpsichord—sweet and faint, and full of the echoes of ancient days—lost her place in the accompaniment the violinist carried it through with most convincing airs of indifference. Nobody should guess that he knew why she had faltered ; that he had intercepted the long, ardent glances which milord, in his corner, cast upon her—Milord Apollo, this afternoon with a cloud over his head, no brilliancy about him, no speech on his lips, only the fire in his eyes.

The long room, with its polished floor, reflected the little group and the sparse furniture as in an amber mirror, dimly. The scent of the smouldering red logs on the hearth mingled with that of the wet garden creeping in mistily through the open window. Ever and anon little airs would set the brocade curtains moving with slight, ghost-like rustle. . . . Juliana's face, in serious beauty under the black wings of her hair, was cut cameo-like against the shadows as she sat apart and pressed the ivory notes. She wore some garment of grey satin, and the firelight caught the folds of it rosily, but never reached the white oval of her cheek. It was no wonder Wroth brooded upon her.

After the music there was a little conversation between Spiridion and the *curé* on purely local subjects. Juliana and Wroth had no words for each other, but at parting he took her hand.

That was all. Never had there been an afternoon with so little in it ; but to the end of his days it remained one of the most perfumed memories in Wroth's heart. That day he had looked on peace, as a man may upon a cool lake from the distance. A hot and stormy road lay between him and it, but he had looked on it.

The "Castle" library, in our thinking, improves as it grows—and it is beginning to demand a shelf to itself.

The Borderland. By ROBERT HALIFAX. (Constable, 6s.)

HERE is a novel whose scenery is in the dense slums of Hoxton, whose skies are formed by the gloomy vapours of autumnal London, whose characters move for the most part in an atmosphere of fried-fish smells and oaths and beery laughter. We scarcely know whether it is intended to teach a "lesson" or not ; if it is, the only real moral that can possibly be drawn from it is the negative one of the hopelessness of "rescue" work in a neighbourhood teeming with souls and bodies lost almost from their squalid birth-hour.

The plot, unrelieved by a glimpse of country or a flash of green leaves, concerns the love of one John Laverock, belonging to a "Christian Brotherhood" Mission, engaged

* Diminutive of *colodra*, bowl ; v. Diez, p. 441.

† Gouldman gives *nap* of the neck s.v. *nucha*, but this is probably a misprint, or suggested by Skinner's fantastic derivation (v. Johnson).

in the usual labour of such fraternities. He falls in love with a girl of the district, whom he sees for the first time as a "capture" of the Salvation Army in a street service. This in itself seems a very improbable event. The girl backslides—we believe this is the technical term—almost as soon as they have led her into their "citadel"; Laverock, through many vicissitudes of bruisers and bullies, follows her up until his rescuing enthusiasm centres itself upon her alone. She returns his affection, and he succeeds in his ideal, but only by taking her from her lodging in a disreputable bye-street to his rooms for the night; after which, although for a time they live together, she refuses to hamper him by becoming his wife. It all ends satisfactorily, for we are left with an abrupt transition—the minister who has arrived too late for the deathbed of a friend of Laverock's is incontinently requisitioned to marry the two in the same house an hour or so after the death scene!

The girl herself is puzzling; while, to quote the author, she is "palpably a product of the slums," we are not told how she came by her correct speech and attractive ways. It is true her first words to him are "You be damned," but later on she grows into a pleasant, quiet manner of language. And if she spoke with anything like the accent which the reader may hear if he troubles to take a stroll round the purlieu of the Kingsland Road, we can hardly conceive that a man of Laverock's education and "artistic perceptions" would think of her twice, unless in the course of his duties. The description of the slum and its occupants is good work.

The Claimant. By WEATHERBY CHESNEY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

"THE CLAIMANT" is an excellent example of honest, direct, forthright romance. Eschewing subtleties (which anyhow are not in Mr. Chesney's line) and disregarding probabilities (which are somewhat fatal to stories of this description), the author has succeeded in providing us with a thoroughly readable and enjoyable tale; one, too, that holds the interest of the reader captive from the first page to the last. Mr. Chesney crowds his pages with incidents. Unexpected developments await you in every chapter. It says something for Mr. Chesney's powers of invention that he has discovered a problem which, so far as we know, is new in fiction. Given a pretty and susceptible girl of eighteen and an attractive man who realises in external essentials her ideal of perfect manhood, can the girl continue to love the man if she suspects him to be a secret humbug and adventurer? It appears that she can, and as it subsequently transpires that the object of her affections is no adventurer at all, but a real live peer of the realm and a very perfect squire of dames, it will be conceded that her affection was not misplaced. The majority of readers, deny it as they may and will, dearly love a villain, and Mr. Chesney has given us in these pages three villains of the most approved romantic type. Of course they reap the fruit of their misdoings in the final chapter. Nor is the reader defrauded of the wedding service which appropriately closes a novel of this description. Finally, Mr. Chesney deserves our thanks for having written a story the scene of which is laid in Scotland which does not contain a single word of dialect. It is, perhaps, a little too late in the season to make the suggestion, but "The Claimant" would be found an excellent novel for sea-side reading. It makes no undue demands on the intellect.

His Wife. By ELLIS DEAN. (Digby Long and Co., 6s.)

IN "His Wife" we are presented with a peculiarly powerful analysis of temperament. Ralph Grigson, the central figure—he can hardly be called the hero—is, viewed from many standpoints, an attractive personality. He is naturally amiable, good-natured, and with a considerable fund of reverence. Unfortunately, he is entirely lacking in moral stamina, and we leave him at the end of the volume a victim to chronic alcoholism. The author has, in effect, set herself to pourtray the slow and relentless sapping of

character which is induced by what is popularly known as the "drink evil." We see a home in ruins, a wife widowed within a few weeks after she has been made a mother, a child crippled for life. This savours somewhat of the "novel with a purpose;" but the author of this painful story is no mere pamphleteer, and it is but due to her to say that she has treated a difficult subject with an artistic sincerity and restraint which are too often lacking in works of this description. The book is entirely devoid of humour, and there are moments when the tension is felt to be almost too terrible. But the author has successfully eluded the numerous melodramatic pitfalls with which such a subject abounds, and the result is a novel of genuine human interest, though one hardly calculated to dispel depression or provide a pleasant afternoon's reading. No reader at least will withhold a tribute of admiration from Nance, who, if the story lacks a hero, makes a very efficient heroine.

Gold of Cathay. By GILBERT WINTLE. (Ward Lock, 6s.)

IT is not often we come across as engrossing a story as this. The plot, which is an exceptionally good one, is carefully and skilfully developed, in a manner which arrests the reader's interest at the beginning and holds it to the last page. This is partly due to Mr. Wintle's very realistic style. Whether he is describing an East-end lodging-house or a mine in Canada, he writes as one who knows and who has actually taken part in at least some of the scenes he is depicting. The story is frankly sensational, but the actors in this case are human beings instead of the cardboard figures usually considered good enough for stories of a "thrilling" type. Their many adventures are exciting but not incredible, and to those who are heartily sick of the jumble of impossible episodes carelessly linked together which so often passes for a novel, the "Gold of Cathay" will come as a welcome relief.

A Woman in Armour. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (John Long, 6s.)

WE are introduced to Rudolph Mannheim in the first chapter, four-and-twenty years of age, with eyes "very large and clear and calm;" "large, white, artist hands;" clad in "a brocaded dressing-gown richly embroidered at the wrists and collar," and wearing a magnificent diamond on the third finger of his left hand.

Nathalie is not revealed to us until chapter v. She is "a regal creature," with a "most exquisite coiffure, and with eyes which might certainly command a whole male army to submission." Rudolph is a marvellous performer on the violoncello; Nathalie a devoted Anarchist. With this gorgeous and deeply-interesting couple we prepared to sail the high seas of romance, little dreaming of the rude shock awaiting us in chapter vii. A burning house and the heroic rescue of Nathalie by the 'cellist seemed right enough, but at what a price! To use the author's own graphic words:

Nathalie's rescuer presented a singular appearance. The noble, artistic *chevelure* was gone—every hair of it—and there was not left to the musician a vestige of an eyebrow, moustache, or beard.

Worse even than this, "all Nathalie's beautiful hair had been singed away," and we awoke to the realisation that our romantic lovers were totally bald. Many and desperate were their adventures before they sank, still hairless, into each other's arms for ever; but our interest in them was dead, killed by the vision of those two bald heads.

The Life Class. By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

"THE LIFE CLASS" is undeniably the best book that Mr. Keighley Snowden has given us. Furthermore, it is one of the best novels of provincial life we have yet read. Mr. Snowden has a style which, if it does not irritate you, will attract you. A little too colloquial at times—the author has you perpetually by the buttonhole—and at other times a little too definitely reminiscent of Meredith, it is yet a style of considerable charm and distinction, a fit vehicle, too,

for the expression of its author's complex and many-sided personality.

To the story, however. As in his former novels, Mr. Snowden moves among the scenes he knows and the people he has made his own. The drama—it is a drama at once of mean passions and jealousies, and of great and sublime heroisms—is enacted against the drab background of a Yorkshire manufacturing town. Art enters into the composition, Art with a monumental A. For the heroine is an artist's model. And the innate Puritanism of Kingley, tolerant of much that is unlovely and enamoured of all that is respectable, has no liking for such baggages. But Ray Fothergill is a much misunderstood and grievously used person, as you will find, and we are much mistaken if you do not fall in love with her before you close the book as irreparably as two of the characters therein depicted. For one of these we ourselves do not happen to care overmuch. He is lucky, we think, beyond his deserts—a very companionable young fellow, but hardly cast in the heroic mould. The other, Smiles Gott, is a veritable triumph of characterisation. Seldom has the middle-aged lover, who is always in danger of appearing somewhat ridiculous, been presented with such subtlety and comprehending sympathy. Smiles "takes" us (to adopt an admirable provincialism) from the first, and we are loth indeed to part company with him. Of the adventures of Ray Fothergill, and the storms and struggles that beset her artistic career, of the machinations of the Rev. Blundel Preston and the disputations at the Salt Club, of all these we shall be wisely reticent, leaving the reader to discover their meaning for himself. It is due, however, to Mr. Snowden to say that he has written a novel of permanent human interest and of a lofty moral purpose. "The Life Class" is a study of life viewed from an idealistic standpoint, and irradiated by a kindly humour that we at least have found irresistible.

DRAMA

"FAUST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

WE shall refrain from the consideration of Mr. Tree's production of *Faust* in any relation that it may have to the work of one Goethe. Mr. Tree himself has obliged us in the *Daily Mail* with an opinion as to the "message" of "the great world drama," and fifty small critics have told us all about the *Faust* of Marlowe and the *Faust* of Goethe. So that we are by this time specially well informed on the subject. In view of what Messrs. Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr have written, and particularly in view of the soul-compelling efforts of Mr. Tree's stage-carpenters, we shall prefer to discuss the *Faust* of His Majesty's Theatre in the light of an entirely new and ambitious piece of stagecraft. The elder *Fausts* cannot hope to contend against Mr. Tree and "the woman soul," and we must therefore dismiss them with what grace we may. *Faust* at His Majesty's may be summed up shortly as a somewhat rickety melodrama wrapped, as it were, in the hide of a gorgeous pantomime. The thing daunts and frights one, because in effect it amounts to an admission on the part of an actor-manager of standing in his profession that the only hope for the drama lies in the paint-pot and the flying wire and the electrical effect. In face of the wonderful diorama presented to us at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night our hearts stood still. Were we in a theatre or were we at the Hippodrome or the White City? All that was wanted to make complete the Hippodrome illusion was the customary fifty tons of real live water. And all that one missed from the White City illusion was the Flip-flap. Even the despised Earl's Court was forced upon us, for, in the last Act, a kneeling Faust was dragged up an inclined plane toward an angel, for all the world like a man on the Earl's Court moving staircase. Of course, nobody will gainsay that the "scenery" and effects Mr. Tree has

called into being are monstrous fine as far as they go; but to our mind the point about them is that they go ever so much too far. We begin with angels possessed of enormous cardboard wings and perched on cardboard clouds. To them enters Mr. Tree—slowly out of the trap—clothed in the traditional habiliments of the Prince of Darkness. There is some thunder and sunrise, and you tremble for angels and devil alike lest anything might give way. After a good set of pantomime scenes, "Faust's house" and "the garden of Margaret's mother" and so forth you are whisked off to a witches' kitchen, also redolent of pantomime, and, ultimately, you find yourself in the company of many wailing souls on a mammoth Brocken, with real steam and more thunder at discretion; whereas in the last Act you have the same angels with cardboard wings, shining beautifully on the same cardboard clouds and arguing prettily with the same Prince of Darkness. We believe that Mr. Stephen Phillips has written some passable blank verse as a sort of accompaniment to this spectacle. We believe also that Mr. Tree and Miss Löhr and a company of other actors do their best to unfold for us among the machinery the "great world drama" and the pitiful history and ultimate triumph of "the woman soul." But we cannot be quite sure about it because the blank verse and the story and the acting alike are overweighted and crowded out and eclipsed and well nigh obliterated by the ingenuities and marvels of the setting. Mr. Tree's Mephistopheles may be for aught one dare say to the contrary a really fine piece of acting. And Miss Löhr may similarly be an ideal Margaret. But Mr. Tree has withdrawn, both from himself and the young damsel, the ampler dramaturgic opportunities, and debases both his own talent and that of his company in the mighty presence of the cloth-painter, the artist in cardboard, and the lime-light man. Though it is rather the tradition that at His Majesty's Theatre you must have a transcendent stage, there can be little doubt that on this occasion Mr. Tree would appear to have got right beyond himself. We believe that the *Faust* which he produces for us loses rather than gains by the greater part of the words and the greater part of the acting which have somehow got tangled up with it. The exhibition would be much more effective if it were done as a sort of series of living pictures with a man in evening dress to drone out "On the left is a cluster of angels; on the right there is another angel; in the centre and bestriding this beautiful lazy pacing cloud is the Devil. Picture post-cards of the present and following scenes may be had from the attendants." We should be dreadfully sorry if Mr. Tree were to mistake us in the matter of what we feel it to be our duty to write. In point of fact we mean the highest compliment that a critic can pay to an actor. That is to say we mean that we would rather have Mr. Tree and Miss Löhr and Mr. Ainley and the rest of them, not to mention Mr. Stephen Phillips and even Mr. Comyns Carr, than all the gew-gaws and novelties and magnificences and sublime peep-show effects that are here literally hurled at us. We are aware that we are handling an old and trite subject, and we have no doubt that Mr. Tree has put up his spectacle in the belief that the public demand is for spectacle, and for little else but spectacle. Therein it seems to us he does the public a grave injustice. We believe that the gallery and the pit will go away nightly from His Majesty's Theatre feeling that they have witnessed a great show, but wondering subconsciously where the play comes in. It was significant that on Saturday evening there were insistent calls for Mr. Tree and for Miss Löhr, but that the cry of "Author" came very reluctantly to the public lips. The fact is that when the audience had paid its tribute to Mr. Tree for its spectacle, and to Miss Löhr on account of her youth, it really would have liked to call "Stage carpenters." But the thing has never been done, and audiences are slow to innovation. We should not be surprised if *Faust* keeps the stage at His Majesty's for a decent number of nights, and we shall be glad for Mr. Tree to recoup himself over it. On the other hand, we cannot help feeling that if he does even this he will be fortunate.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

THE title of this play reflects the adroitness of the time. A couple of years ago it would not have been called *What Every Woman Knows*, but *John Shand* or, it may be, *Maggie*. As a title, of course, *What Every Woman Knows* is intended to arouse the same brand of curiosity which *Getting Married* was intended to arouse. The difference is that, whereas *Getting Married* had really something to do with Mr. Shaw's effort, *What Every Woman Knows* is next door to meaningless so far as it applies to the effort of Mr. Barrie. For the sake of brevity we may perhaps best describe the play itself as a comedy of bad manners, unless, of course, Mr. Barrie would prefer us to consider it in the light of a pure and taking advertisement for the Scotch. Practically the whole of the talking from first to last is done in what we are given to understand is a fine, sharp, Glasgow accent. And although the persons placed before us are devised palpably to convince us that the Scotch heart and the Scotch affections and emotions are the finest things in the world, these same persons convince us also that Glasgow manners are more or less execrable. One forms rather an unflattering opinion of a young woman, even though she be a Glasgow young woman, who permits herself to be present while a Glasgow railway-porter, who has been caught house-breaking "in the pursuit of knowledge," decides whether he will be bound down to marry the young woman or whether he will be handed over to the police. We should have thought that even the women of Glasgow knew better than this. And the Glasgow porter's house-breaking exploit in the pursuit of knowledge merits words to itself. It appears that the Glasgow railway-porter is short of books, while the young woman's father and brothers have books in plenty which they are constitutionally incapable of reading. And the young man drops into the habit of breaking into their house of nights after the family has gone to its bed [this is Scotch] and "studying" assiduously. Of course he is caught, and there are explanations. And of course the young man goes ahead with his learning in the true Scotch fashion and of course he becomes a Member of Parliament, which appears to be the true and proper destiny of all Scotchmen who do not become ministers. We mention these facts because they appear to us to be so typical of middle-class Scotia's view of herself. That guid conceit which gave us the classic writing of Ian Maclaren, and which has given us other classic writing by Mr. Crockett and by Mr. Barrie himself, is yet again exhibited in *What Every Woman Knows*. We do not suggest that Mr. Barrie fails to provide for his audience a proper evening's entertainment. On the whole, the play is skilfully put together; and, though it halts in places, it is a competent piece of work as plays go. Furthermore, it is very admirably acted. Our complaint about it would be that at times it is too Scotch—we had almost said too impudently Scotch; and that it is even more brainless than Mr. Barrie's work usually is.

CORRESPONDENCE

MALARIA AND HISTORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Medical research has discovered the means of stamping out malaria and yellow fever; it is now certain that tropical countries can be made healthy enough for white men to live there in comfort. But although science has done, or is doing, its work, the indifference of the general public, both at home and abroad, is a great obstacle to the successful carrying out of the necessary sanitary measures. It would further the good cause, and at the same time throw light upon history, if those who have the opportunity would collect evidence of the mischief, economic, physical and moral, that is done by various diseases, especially malaria, and if scholars would make a similar inquiry among the records of the past.

Malaria attaches itself to particular districts, and its effects may be classified as follows:—

1. The rich, the capable, and the energetic seek healthier homes, and so the inhabitants of a malarious district tend to become a mere residue of the poor and wretched.

2. Cities being, as a rule, less malarious than cultivated plains, the urban population tends to absorb the agricultural class, and national physique and well-being suffer in consequence. Cities isolated by malarious surroundings often fall into decay and ruin. There can be little doubt that malaria has proved the ruin of South Italy. The luxurious habits of the Sybarites were perhaps in part due to the fear of falling victims. This is Lenormant's explanation of Athenaeus XII., p. 519 (*La Grande-Grèce*, Vol I., p. 287), although it is perhaps impossible definitely to prove the point. Posidonia, however, was certainly malarious in the time of Strabo (V., p. 251). Croton, the town of athletes, was healthy (Strabo VI., pp. 262, 269). It is partly to disease that Pausanias (VII. 7, 1) attributes the weakness of the Greeks at the time of the Achæan League.

3. The decay of agriculture will obviously be accompanied by great economic loss, for extremely fertile districts may fall altogether out of cultivation. To make matters worse, the season of malaria is also the season of harvest, and the labourer is deprived of his strength just when he needs it most. Plutarch notices this (*De sanitate tuenda*, 137c).

4. Malaria afflicts especially the young, whose physical powers are so weakened by repeated attacks of fever that childhood may be one long illness, and adequate education impossible. As Martial puts it, *Aestate pueri si valent, satis discunt*.

5. Exertion and strain often bring about a relapse, because the malaria parasite will live in the human body for months, or even years. Naturally, the inhabitants of malarious places tend to avoid fatigue and to become sluggish and unenterprising.

6. Account must also be taken of the loss of life, loss of time, and the physical suffering caused by the disease, besides the permanent psychical disturbances it may produce in the patient. The inhabitants of malarious districts age rapidly (Aristotle, *Prob.* xiv. 7).

The Greek Anti-malaria League has issued statistics which show clearly the devastation caused by the disease; in many districts (e.g., Marathon) every inhabitant is attacked, and, as is well-known, the fever is apt to recur again and again. In an appeal to the Greek Government (1907), it is said that malaria

"Increases the death-rate and checks the growth of population; it also ruins the present as well as the coming generation, lessens the resisting powers of individuals and their capacity for work, and so contributes very largely to the increase of poverty and its attendant evils. . . . Accordingly, the prevalence of malaria constitutes throughout Greece the most serious of social problems. . . . No one could picture the damage done by this disease more graphically than the memorable Apentoulis, who in the same Medical Congress of 1887 spoke as follows: 'Malaria is the ever-present foe of the Greek people, continually sapping their strength, and often, as a messenger of death, swooping down and laying waste the land in the form of pandemic disease, involving physical exhaustion of every kind, besides loss of life.'"

The effects of malaria may be studied in Macculloch's *Malaria* chap. xi. (published in 1827).

"An enlargement of the abdomen, commencing sometimes even from the birth . . . is often in itself sufficient to demonstrate the nature of the place where these wretched beings are doomed to live, or rather, as the inhabitants of the Pontine marshes express it, to die. . . . There is nothing in these countries more striking to a cursory traveller than the appearance of age which occurs at a very early period of life. Even the children are frequently wrinkled; and in France, in perhaps all the worst districts, a young woman, almost even before twenty, has the aspect of fifty. . . . And the expression keeps pace with all else—being that of unhappiness, stupidity, and apathy; an habitual melancholy which nothing can arouse, and an insensibility to almost everything which operates on the feelings of mankind in general. A slow and languid speech, a similar languor in the walk and in all the actions, indicate equally the condition of the mind and of the body in these wretched countries. . . . An universal degeneracy of mind and body both appears to be the certain lot of those races which a combination of unfortunate circumstances has placed in countries that seem to have been intended rather for the habitations of reptiles and insects than for those of man."

More testimony will be found in Cabanis, *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme* (1815); Brocchi, *Dello stato fisico del suolo di Roma* (1820); Montfalcon, *Histoire de Marais* (1824); Stéphanos, *La Grèce* (1884); North, *Roman Fever* (1896); Bertaux, *La Malaria en Italie* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, August 15th, 1900); Celli, *Malaria*

(Eng. tr., 1901); *Ἡ ἑλονορία ἐν Ἑλλάδι* (Report of the Greek Anti-malaria League, 1907); *Atti della Società per gli Studi della Malaria* for 1907. See also Nieuwenhuis, *Quer durch Borneo*.

The ancient Greeks were not acquainted with small-pox, scarlatina, diphtheria, or measles, and typhoid was probably rare. Malaria was the great disease of the country. The Greeks looked upon fevers as non-infectious (Arist., *Prob.* vii. 8); hence their "fever" was nearly always malaria; the latter, although infectious, is not obviously so.

Pausanias (VII. 7, 1) attributes partly to a comparative freedom from disease the power of the Achaean League; accordingly, he must have thought that the decline of the other Greeks was due in part to their illnesses.

Appended is a list of some passages in Greek literature that throw light upon the existence and influence of malaria in ancient Greece:

NON-MEDICAL LITERATURE. Homer *Il.* XXII 31^o (?). Theognis 174 (?). Pindar *Pyth.* III 50, 66 (Christ). Pherecrates in Athen. III 75. Phrynichus (com.) in Athen. II 44. Sophocles fr. 466. Herodotus VI 12. Aristophanes *Achar.* 1165; *Wasps* 283, 812, 1037^o; fr. 315. Nicophon in Athen. III 80. Xenophon *Cyrop.* I vi 16; *Mem.* III viii 3, 7; *Anab.* VI iv 11; *Hell.* V iii 19. Plato *Phaedo* 105 c; *Theaet.* 178 c; *Phil.* 45 B; *Alcib.* min. 139 E, 140 A; *Rep.* 405 c, 610 B; *Tim.* 84 E, 85 B, C, 86 A, D. Isocrates *Aegin.* 22. Demosthenes 118. 20. Aeschines 69. Antiphanes in Athen. III 100. Alexis in Athen. III 118. *Frag. incert.* in Stob. *Fl.* CVIII 81, Meineke IV p. 320, V p. ccclxxv. Aristotle *De p. an.* 649 a; *Eth.* 1180 b; *Parva nat.* 457 a, 460 b, 462 b, 479 a; *Meta.* 981 a; *Probl.* I 6, 7, 8, 19, 20, 21, 27, 29 57; VII 8; IX 5; XIV 3, 7; XXVII 2. Theophrastus *De ventis* 57; *Char.* XII. Bion VI 13. Strabo V. pp. 213, 214. Plutarch *Alex.* 75; see esp. *De san. tu.* throughout. Lucian *Deor. conc.* 12, and in many other places. Dittenberger *Sylloge* 890.

MEDICAL LITERATURE. See *πυρετοὶ ἀμφημερινοί, τριταῖοι, τεταρταῖοι, ἡμεριταῖοι, ἡπιάδοι, καῖσοι* (typhoid and malaria), *λῆθαργος, φρενίτις*. In the Hippocratic corpus see especially *Airs, Waters, Places*, throughout; also Kühn III. 408, 721 foll.; for *καῖσοι* I. 138, 139, 146, 147, 153, 251, 533, 545, II. 65, 66, 208, 385, 388, III. 500, 724; for *λῆθαργος* I. 252, II. 281, 296; for *φρενίτις* I. 157, 245, 246, 268, 334, II. 27, 28, 299, 300, 387.

The word *ἡπιάδοι* (associated in ancient times with the name of the nightmare demon) probably meant at first either nightmare or its characteristic fright-shivers. The Athenians in later times often used it to denote the shivers of ague, and so malaria, on its first introduction into Attica, was probably called the "nightmare disease." The word occurs first in Theognis, where it may mean nightmare; in Attic literature it occurs first in Aristoph. *Ach.* 1165 (425 B.C.). Afterwards malaria became so common that it was usually denoted by the unqualified term *πυρετός*.

A knowledge of malaria and of its characteristics helps considerably towards the elucidation of the classics. It is said that Antisthenes, on being blamed for consorting with evil men, replied: "Physicians visit the sick, but they themselves have no fever" (Diog. Laert. VI. 6). This story cannot refer to the "evil communications" which "corrupt good manners;" the Greeks did not regard fever as infectious. Antisthenes denied, in his case as in the case of physicians, that "birds of a feather flock together."

W. H. S. JONES.

10 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge, September 5, 1908.

"OCCULTISM AND COMMON SENSE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no real quarrel with the gentleman who has written the review of my "Occultism and Common Sense" which appears in your current issue. He has produced an entertaining article, in which philosophy is not injudiciously mingled with humour. But I hope he will pardon me for pointing out two capital omissions in his description of my little book which are not quite fair to its author. The first concerns its origin. He says:

He may have taken to Occultism and Common Sense out of a sheer love of truth or a sheer desire to help his fellows to knowledge, and it may be that he has done it because it is excellent journalism and likely bookmaking. On this rather important question we shall express no opinion.

Mr. Beckles Willson took to Occultism (if not to Common Sense) at the request of the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, in which journal his articles originally appeared. It may be that the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, knowing me only as "something of an authority on Canadian emigration," whose whole mind and energies were engrossed in the transmigration of human livestock, who dealt in such practical affairs as assisted passages,

supervised steerage, land sections, agricultural instruction, and the systematic loan of implements, deemed me the very person to make investigations into the credibility of psychical phenomena. When your reviewer says—"As regards Occultism we should have preferred a Bishop, or at any rate a 'believer,' in the subject," he cannot mean what he says. I am told, on very good authority, that there are over ten thousand books on Psychology by Bishops and believers. I believe this. My publisher informs me that the books on the same subject, written by persons absolutely unprepossessed, biased neither by circumstances nor temperament, uninfluenced by a spirit of credulity or scepticism, might be counted on the first finger of one hand. I believe this also. Yet I am not at all considered a credulous person.

The second omission concerns the authenticity of the quoted evidence. Wouldn't it have been decent on the part of your reviewer to have stated, as I did in almost every chapter of the book, that it was drawn entirely, save in those instances otherwise ascribed, from the published "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research"? Then, you see, his delicate humour (God bless my soul, what unpromising themes furnish humour nowadays!) might have been directed against Mr. Balfour, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the rest, and not against, Sir,

BECKLES WILLSON.

[It is quite evident that we were not mistaken in our man. Mr Willson's anxiety is apparently that the world should know that he did not take to occultism and common sense out of a desire to help his fellows to knowledge, but at the request of the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. So that the genesis of Mr. Willson's book amounts to this: The Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* becomes conscious that the moment has arrived for a proper inquiry into the supernatural. "Where," muses the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, "can I put my finger on a competent person to execute this great work?" Then the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, for reasons best known to himself, bethinks him of Mr. Beckles Willson, and Mr. Beckles Willson takes to occultism at the request of the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. Naturally this is most obliging on Mr. Willson's part, and it shows an adaptability so admirable even in a journalist that one wonders what Mr. Willson would do if, say, the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* requested him to take to drink. We do not think that our notice of Mr. Willson's book was at all unfair or flippant. We treated it for what it was worth, and in point of fact we recommended it to be read. If Mr. Beckles Willson really knew a great deal about occultism, he would have been grateful to us. As it is, he grumbles and considers himself harshly treated. And with respect to his evidence being drawn from the published proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research, there are many authors who would have considered it quite decent of us to refrain from mentioning the fact. Mr. Willson, however, does not consider that our phrase about paste and scissors was enough, and we can only say that if the Society for Psychical Research blesses and approves the "evidence" of M. E. Deschaux and Miss Grantham, something a little stronger than humour might with advantage be directed against Mr. Balfour, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the rest of the gods of Mr. Willson's idolatry. We said, and we repeat, that Mr. Willson might have done his work with a little more thoroughness even in his capacity as journalist; and, despite the hearsay comments of Mr. Willson's publisher, who is, no doubt, a critic of the highest standing, we should still prefer that a new book called "Occultism and Common Sense" should come to us from a Bishop rather than from so hard-headed a gentleman as Mr. Beckles Willson.—Ed.]

FLOGGING JUVENILE OFFENDERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to recent reports of child-offenders being sentenced to be flogged, may I point out that, despite the fact that in certain districts all juvenile offenders are dealt with without flogging, many Justices who are persistently reactionary order this debasing punishment for the first and most trivial offences? According to official returns, available before the Probation of Offenders Bill became law, no less than 346 courts in England and Wales dealt with 3,290 juvenile offenders without ordering flogging in a single instance; while the returns for Scotland show that during twelve months 166 courts dealt with no less than 3,152 juvenile offenders, also without flogging, although a large proportion of this number had been previously convicted. Out of the 3,290 in England and Wales, 1,178 were dismissed. In Scotland, out of the 3,152 juvenile offenders dealt with without flogging, no less than 1,445 were dismissed, notwithstanding their offences were similar to those for which other courts inflicted flogging. These figures prove that, if these large numbers of juvenile offenders could be dealt with without flogging before the

* See scholia.

Probation Act became law, flogging is altogether unnecessary since the Act came into operation in January last.

While piloting the Probation of Offenders Bill through Parliament Mr. Gladstone stated that the Bill was designed to be of special advantage, and to provide better means than flogging or imprisonment in dealing with juvenile offenders, and "without inflicting punishment in the first instance." Since the Act came into force, however, many cases are recorded of magistrates having ordered flogging for first and trivial offences.

LEWELLYN W. WILLIAMS, Hon. Secretary Society
for the Reform of School Discipline.

Braehead, Cathcart, Glasgow.

THE VIRTUES OF THE CAT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Madras Chaplain, apparently, will never tire of sending round the letter which appeared in your issue of the 29th ult. I suppose he was one of the officers present on the occasion, and was opposed to flogging until converted by the man who had been raised from the ranks. Before his flogging the latter was not worth a d—n. But how many d—ns was he worth after it? And did he retain this value to the end of the chapter? Moreover, in estimating a man's worth in this way one would wish to know whether the value of the article by which it is measured is constant or varies with time and place—e.g., whether the value is the same at Rotterdam and at Damascus? As your correspondent is a divine, he ought to be able to tell.

I should be glad to hear the name of this officer, who apparently did not desire to hide his light under a bushel. But I have still more curiosity to know the name of the man who was flogged for shooting at the late Queen, and of the man who was flogged for destroying or mutilating works of art. It is strange that in all the wonderful stories as to cures effected by the cat, the birch, etc., I can never obtain dates, names, and places. If the cure had been effected by a quack medicine we would speedily find all these particulars in twenty newspapers.

Did the Chaplain ever hear of another instance in which a soldier who had been flogged became an officer?

QUERIST.

PS.—As to the Chaplain's prediction that flogging will put an end to robbery with violence, could your correspondent go within a quarter of a century or so of the date when this happy result will be attained?

HUMANITARIANS AND THE LASH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Collinson should not call people "maniacs" who do not happen to agree with him. At any rate, their opinions are probably disinterested, which is perhaps more than can be said of the (presumably) paid Secretary of a "crank" League. To describe the late Judge Hawkins as an "administrator" of the law is a misuse of terms. The executioner whom that Judge kept busy was an administrator of the law. An English Judge is, above all things, a Judge. Judges acquire the reputation of being "hanging" Judges if their temperamental tendency when judging capital cases is to represent the evidence against the prisoner in the worst possible light to the jury. There have been many instances in England of Judges of this type to whom the designation of "hanging" Judges has been given by popular vote. The late Judge Hawkins acquired the reputation of being a "hanging" Judge. This is a notorious fact. Whether it was wholly justifiable or not is neither here nor there. Mr. Collinson would have it that all English Judges are "hanging" Judges, which is an attempt to evade a simple issue by means of a quibble, to rob the English language by violence of a perfectly legitimate expression, which all plain people quite well understand.

As I expected, Mr. Collinson is unable to support any of his conclusions by a body of facts sufficient to justify them. It is useless to say to me, or to anybody else:

Let him study the criminal records, and he will see for himself that wherever flogging has been largely resorted to for offences under the Garotting Act, as at London, Liverpool, and Leeds, that class of crime has increased.

I repeat that there is no sequence in reason between the two classes of facts (assuming that they be facts). If there were Mr. Collinson would be forced to the conclusion, as I pointed out in my first letter, "that the mere fact of A being flogged for garotting C is a direct incentive to B, D, and E to garotte F, G, and H, and so on in arithmetical proportion." This is unthinkable nonsense, but it is, in clearer words, what Mr. Collinson asserts, the gist of his whole argument. In reply to my question, "Can Mr. Collinson produce a sufficient number of instances to base a conclusion on of garotters who have been flogged ever garotting

again?" he mentions "sixteen instances of this description, all of which I gathered from police reports in the Press in the short space of five years," and he has collected ten more instances since 1905. If in eight years there are only twenty-six cases of recidivism after this particular form of punishment has been inflicted on garotters, the framers of the Garotting Act would, if they were alive, have every reason to be warmly congratulated upon the proved efficacy of the law. There is not a sane criminologist in Europe who would not admit this and recognise at once that Mr. Collinson's figures triumphantly prove the exact contrary of what he wants to prove. His conclusion, however, is that these twenty-six recidivists prove the futility of flogging as a deterrent and repressive punishment, and he quotes the late Sir Matthew White Ridley, who said that "investigations into the figures have proved that there are several cases of men who, having been flogged under the Act of 1863, have afterwards committed the same offence." Note that the late Sir M. Ridley draws no conclusions in this passage favourable to Mr. Collinson's arguments, and he was a wise man not to. For it could be shown, and far more easily than in the case of the Garotting Act, that the infliction of every penalty known to criminal law (except hanging) has over and over again been followed by persistent recidivism, and this more particularly in the case of minor crimes and misdemeanours for which relatively mild punishment is awarded. Follow Mr. Collinson's argument to its logical conclusion, and we are once more faced by a *reductio ad absurdum*—namely, that all punishments tend to increase crime, and particularly the crime which they are intended to repress, and therefore all punishments are futile and ought to be abolished. Either Mr. Collinson is preaching sheer anarchy, and would open all the prisons and let every criminal go scot-free, or he does not mean what he says. The fact is that a proper study of the question can only be made by comparing the condition of a country such as France, where the lash has been abolished, not only as a penalty but as a disciplinary instrument, in prisons and penal colonies, with the condition of England, where it is maintained, from the point of view of the relative frequency in the two countries of acts of robbery from the person accompanied by violence. Mr. Collinson should take a trip to Paris and make the acquaintance of the Paris *apache*, and of the eminent French criminologists who are seeking for a means to cope with the social danger which the *apache* constitutes. He would discover that a goodly proportion of these criminologists express unstinted praise for the method in vogue in England, and see in it the only practical means of solving a garotting problem which is daily becoming more acute.

R. S.

LADY McLAREN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Lady McLaren is evidently supremely ignorant as to the law governing the guardianship of infants, or she would know that since 1886 the Court always decides the question for the benefit of the child. It is rather cool to suggest that the mother should always have the guardianship, even if she is dissolute and drunken; but this is on a par with all the Feminists' demands. If Lady McLaren will study the law and its administration she will find it a tissue of privileges for women. I suspect the *gravamen* of the offence of the "inexperienced men" she refers to is that they know the true inwardness of the Feminist movement—they have read Mrs. Swiney and Mrs. C. C. Stopes and listened to the vapourings of the Suffragettes.

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The manner in which Lady MacLaren claims Herbert Spencer as a supporter of her cause betrays a lack of either knowledge or humour. It is well-known that the philosopher was definitely and strongly opposed to the grant of the franchise to women. His reasons for this view are fully set forth in his celebrated letter to John Stuart Mill, the substance of which is that, the more womanlike a woman, the less qualified she is for political power.

Your correspondent has a profound contempt for logic, possibly because she regards it as a man-made law. She first proclaims that men are selfish tyrants, and then invites these selfish tyrants to resign their power. It should be obvious, even to a "little sister," that if men will not give women common justice, still less will they give them votes.

C. O.

NODDING CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In that very interesting article in your issue of the 5th inst., "The Course of English Prose," the writer has, no doubt

unwittingly, allowed his memory to slumber in attributing the authorship of "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept" to Swinburne instead of to Lord Byron. For the moment this poet of vivid ideas, independent of delectable words, is neglected. Our ideals of poetry seem to have got warped with the times. This may perhaps account for your critic's forgetfulness. The mistaken line, by the way, is the title of one of the most beautiful of Byron's Hebrew melodies, set to music by Braham, a Jew, and the greatest tenor of his day.

I think your criticism of Mr. St. John Adcock's sonnet, if you will pardon my remark, is somewhat hypercritical. In quoting the lines—

I passed without, what time the organ pealed
The last high rapture of a stately hymn—

you assert that *high* cannot be associated with *statelyness*. Now, if I understand the lines rightly—and I may not have done so—*rapture* was intended to apply to the music and *stately* to the words; therefore I fail to see how the association of the two terms can be otherwise than natural and correct.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

[Our correspondent is mistaken. It is true that Byron wrote some verses under the title "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept," but the line quoted by "J. F." occurs in Mr. Swinburne's *Songs Before Sunrise*, and reads—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."—ED.]

THE TAROT AND CARD GAMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The work of Sandro di Popozzo, quoted by Cicognara, may have been written in 1299, but, as we have no manuscript of it containing the passage earlier than 1400, nothing is proved by it. All authorities regard it as an interpolation.

Cicognara antedates the *Ordenanzas reales* by some years, and even then the word for cards is not found in the two earliest editions.

I may add some more early authentic references. Pinchant discovered in the Brabant accounts payments for cards on May 14th, 1379, 8½ moutons (a mouton equals 15 sous tournois) for a pack; June 25th, 1379, 2 moutons for a pack; August 28th, 1380, 3½ moutons for three packs, &c. In 1831 a Marseilles merchant registers a bond not to play certain games (including cards) on his forthcoming voyage under penalty. In 1382 they are forbidden by the Municipality of Lille.

R. STEELE.

Savage Club.

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that while several of your correspondents ridicule, or in other ways show contempt or dislike for Jews, no one comes forward to say a good word for them. Will you allow me to give you the result of my personal experience with Jews? During the last ten years I have had commercial transactions with twenty-one Christians, six Jews, and two Buddhists. I found both the Buddhists perfectly honest, of the Jews one tried to swindle me, but of the Christians no less than sixteen swindled me, or tried to. In the ten years I have lent money without security to fourteen Christians and three Jews. Two of the Jews repaid me promptly, and the third showed good reason why he could not. Of the Christians, not one of them ever offered to repay me or apologised for not doing so, and became in fact rather my enemies, where before they had been friends or acquaintances. Just ten years ago, through the failure of a draft, I had to find (in London) £500 in two hours to save my credit. I asked the money from half a dozen Christian friends, who were all well off, and all found excuses. I turned to a Jew acquaintance, who was under no obligation to me, and he gave me a cheque forthwith without any conditions, and was really hurt when I offered him 5 per cent. interest on repayment. You will not be surprised under the circumstances when I tell you that, other things being equal, I now choose a Jew before a Christian for business, though I am myself

A CHRISTIAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Fry, G. Cecil. *A Text-book of Geography*. University Tutorial Press, 4s. 6d.

Hogan, Albert. *The Government of the United Kingdom*. University Tutorial Press, 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY

Maude, Aylmer. *The Life of Tolstoy*. First Fifty Years. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

POETRY

James, E. Trewartha. *A Dream of Creation*. Truro: Heard and Sons, 1s.

Legendary Ballads. From Percy's "Reliques." Edited with an Introduction by Frank Sidgwick. With Ten Illustrations after Byam Shaw. Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.

Street, Lilian. *Friendship*. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves. Maunsel, 2s. net.

Thomas, C. E. Stanley. *A Selection of Original Poems*. Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Dillon, Arthur. *The Tragedy of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*. Elkin Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Stevenson, R. L. *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

Macaulay, Lord. *England Under Charles II*. Sisley, 1s. net.

Darwin, Charles. *Insectivorous Plants*. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Meade, L. T. *Little Wife Hester*. Long, 6d.

Sharpe, Samuel. *The History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature*. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Lyons, A. Neil. *Arthur's*. Lane, 6s.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. *The Tramping Methodist*. Bell, 6s.

Gibson, L. S. *Ships of Desire*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

Halifax, Robert. *The Borderland*. Constable, 6s.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *Wroth*. Smith Elder, 6s.

Stuart, Henry Longan. *Weeping Cross*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

The Last Egyptian. A Romance of the Nile. Sisley, 6s.

Fife, Alexander C. *Through the Winepress*. Long, 6s.

Clare, Austin. *The Conscience of Dr. Holl*. Long, 6s.

Cleeve, Lucas. *Duchinka*. Long, 6s.

Tresahar, John. *The Taint*. A Study in Passion. Collier, 6s.

Edge, J. H. *The Quicksands of Life*. Milne, 6s.

Trier, Sydney C. *The Heritage*. Blackwood, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *Rogues Fall Out*. Ward Lock, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Macdonell, Anne. *In the Abruzzi: the Country and the People*. Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.

Vox Populi. Long, 6d. net.

Stall, Sylvanus. *Talks to the King's Children*. Vie Publishing Company, 4s. net.

Southsea and Portsmouth at a Glance. Designed and edited by Walter P. Watkins.

Isle of Wight. Painted by A. Heaton Cooper. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

Hird, Frank. *Victoria the Woman*. Appleton, 7s. 6d. net.

Oman, John Campbell. *Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India*. Unwin, 14s. net.

Banfield, E. J. *The Confessions of a Beachcomber*. Unwin, 15s. net.

Rolleston, T. W. *Parallel Paths*. Duckworth, 5s. net.

G. K. Chesterton. *A Criticism*. Alston Rivers, 5s.

Report of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science. Fifth Meeting, Natal, 1907. Published by the Association.

Psyche. By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch, with the author's permission, by B. S. Berrington. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.

Milman, Lena. *Sir Christopher Wren*. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

Sager, Daniel S. *The Art of Living in Good Health*. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.

Lowes, Mrs. *Chats on Old Lace and Needlework*. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.

Lee, Holme. *Legends from Fairyland*. Chatto and Windus, 5s. net.

Jebb, Louisa. *By Desert Ways to Baghdad*. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

Marriage and Disease. Edited by Professor H. Senator and Dr. S. Kaminer. Translated from the German by J. Dulberg. Rebman, 10s. 6d. net.

The Teaching of History in Girls' Schools in North and Central Germany. A Report by Eva Dodge. Sherratt and Hughes, 1s. 6d. net.

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